Hymns for Missions

with Tunes.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
Publishers,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

46

Division SCC

Section 5305

Hymns for Missions

with Tunes.

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BIGLOW & MAIN,

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76 EAST NINTH STREET,
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PREFACE.

IT IS scarcely necessary to say that in sending forth this collection of Mission Hymns, the Parochial Mission Society only attempts temporarily to supply in part what many feel to be a great and immediate want.

To give our Church a permanent Mission Hymn Book is not our province, even if it were within our power.

Experience has abundantly proved, that for at least some departments of aggressive missionary effort, the hymns of our Hymnal are not sufficient. Those who confine themselves to their use, labor at serious disadvantage, at least in their effort to reach certain classes.

It is hoped that most of the hymns and tunes here printed, if they sometimes seem to fall below the classic standards of the Church's Hymnology, will yet be found when more widely used, as they certainly have proved in the somewhat restricted experience of the compilers, means by which to reach and teach some who in our great communities or scattered hamlets, do not often hear the voice of the Great Shepherd.

W. S. RAINSFORD,
G R. VAN DE WATER,
J. W. SHACKELFORD,
Committee.

HYMNS FOR MISSIONS

WITH TUNES.

Uplift the Banner!

I

L. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

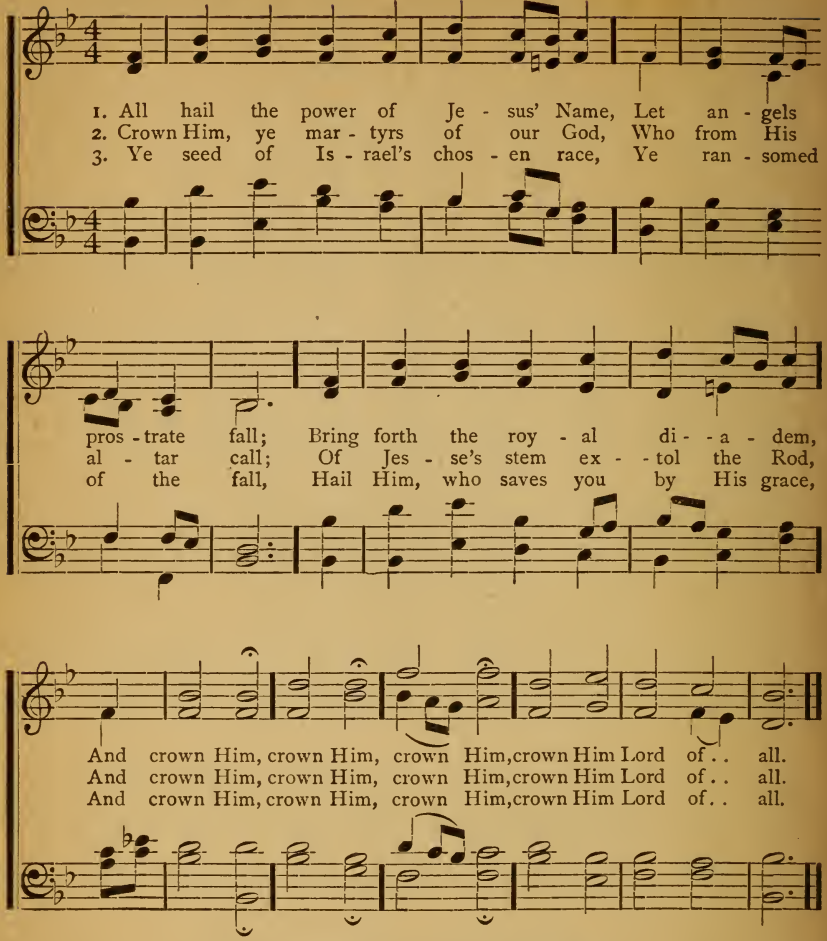
1. Up - lift the Ban - ner! Let it float
2. Up - lift the Ban - ner! An - gels bend
3. Up - lift the Ban - ner! Hea - then lands
Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide; The sun shall light its
In anx- ious si - lence o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to
Shall see from far the glo - rious sight, And na- tions, gath'ring
shin - ing folds, The Cross on which the Sav - iour died.
com - pre - hend The won - der of the Love Di - vine!
at the call, Their spir - its kin - dle in its light.

4 Uplift the Banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified!

5 Uplift the Banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

2 C. M. W. SHRUBSOLE.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name, Let an - gels
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His
3. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - somed
pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - - a - dem,
al - tar call; Of Jes - se's stem ex - - tol the Rod,
of the fall, Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of . . all.
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of . . all.
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of . . all.

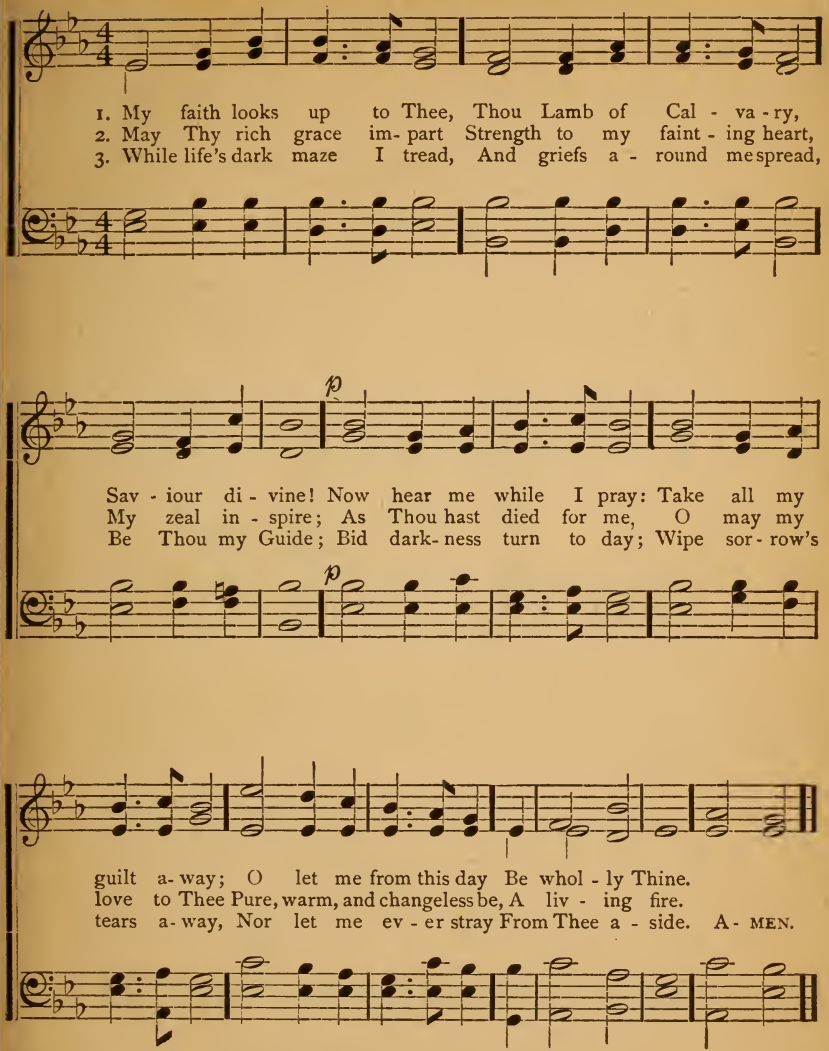
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet might fall,
Join in the everlasting song
And crown Him Lord of all.

My Faith looks up to Thee.

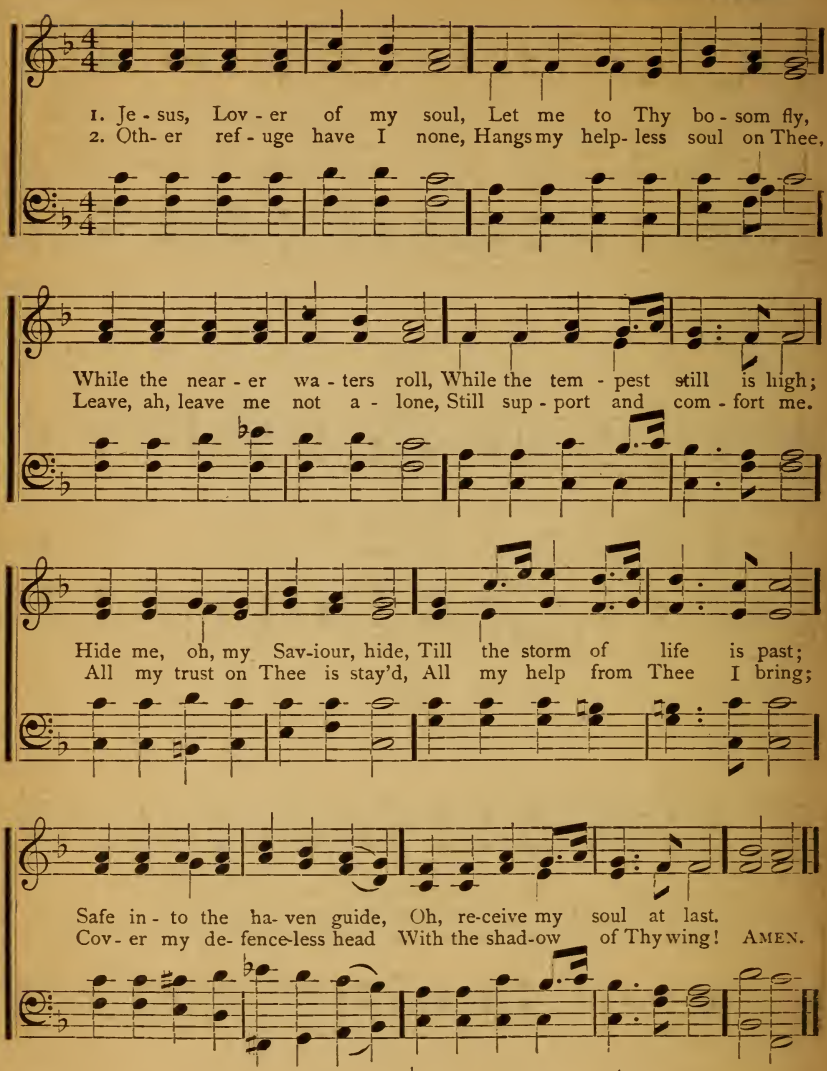
3 6s. & 4s. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im- part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark- ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's
guilt a- way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a- way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side. A- MEN.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. AMEN

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

4 7s. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth- er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help- less soul on Thee,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Hide me, oh, my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Safe in - to the ha- ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de- fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing! AMEN.

3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

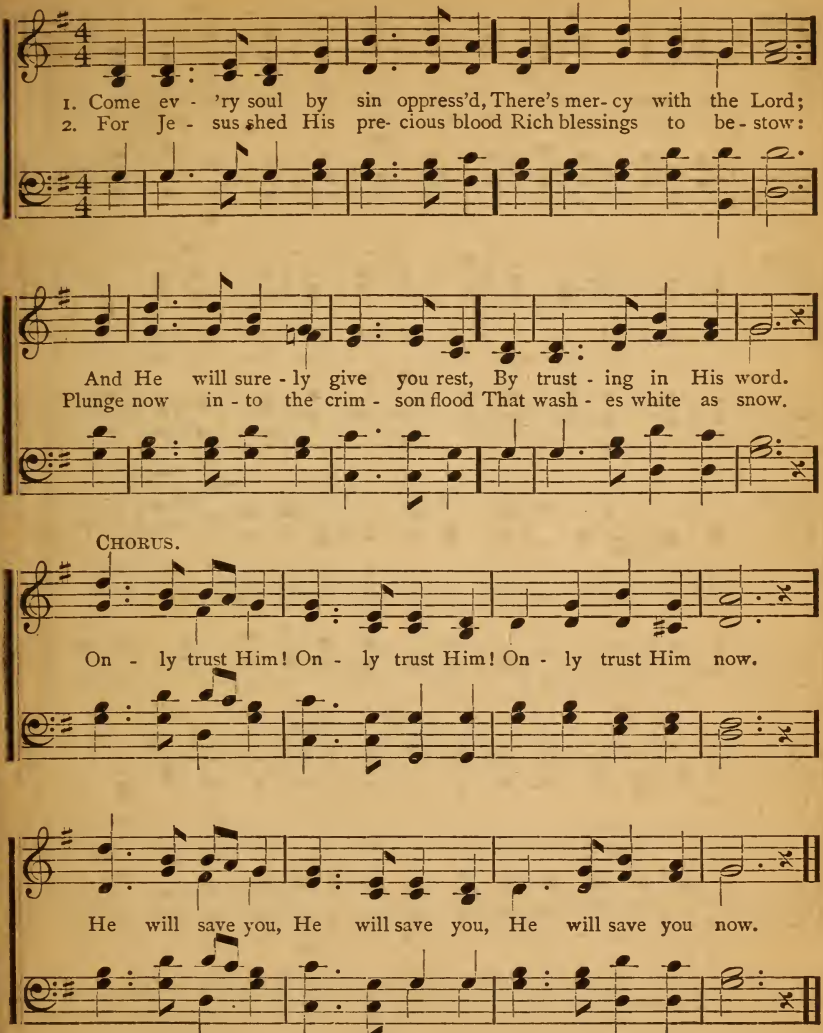
4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

Come every Soul by Sin Oppressed.

5

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

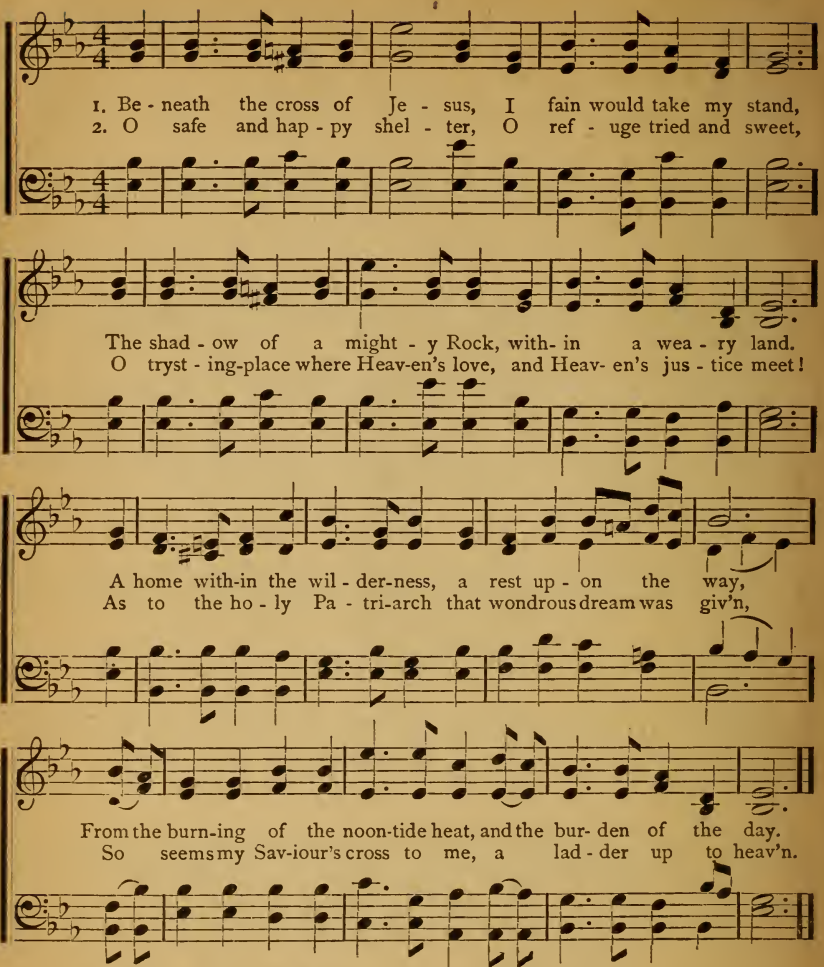

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord;
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow:
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Chorus.
On - ly trust Him! On - ly trust Him! On - ly trust Him now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way
That leads you into rest:
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

6 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus, I fain would take my stand,
2. O safe and hap - py shel - ter, O ref - uge tried and sweet,
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock, with- in a wea - ry land.
O tryst - ing-place where Heav-en's love, and Heav- en's jus - tice meet!
A home with-in the wil - der-ness, a rest up - on the way,
As to the ho - ly Pa - tri-arch that wondrous dream was giv'n,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, and the bur- den of the day.
So seems my Sav-iour's cross to me, a lad - der up to heav'n.

3 There lies beneath its shadow, but on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave that gapes both deep and wide,
And there between us stands the cross, two arms out-stretched to save
Like a watchman set to guard the way from that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus, mine eye at times can see,
The very dying form of One, who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears, two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love, and my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow, for my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face!
Content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame, my glory all the Cross.

The Sands of Time are Sinking.

7 7s. & 6s. C. J. VINCENT.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. O Christ, He is the Fount - ain, The deep sweet well of love!
3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's; And my Be - lov - ed's mine:
The sum - mer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove;
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
mf
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day- spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean - ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I stand up - on His mer - it; I know no saf - er stand:
ff
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell- eth In Im- man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell- eth In Im- man - uel's land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwell- eth, In Im- man - uel's land.
A-MEN.

4.

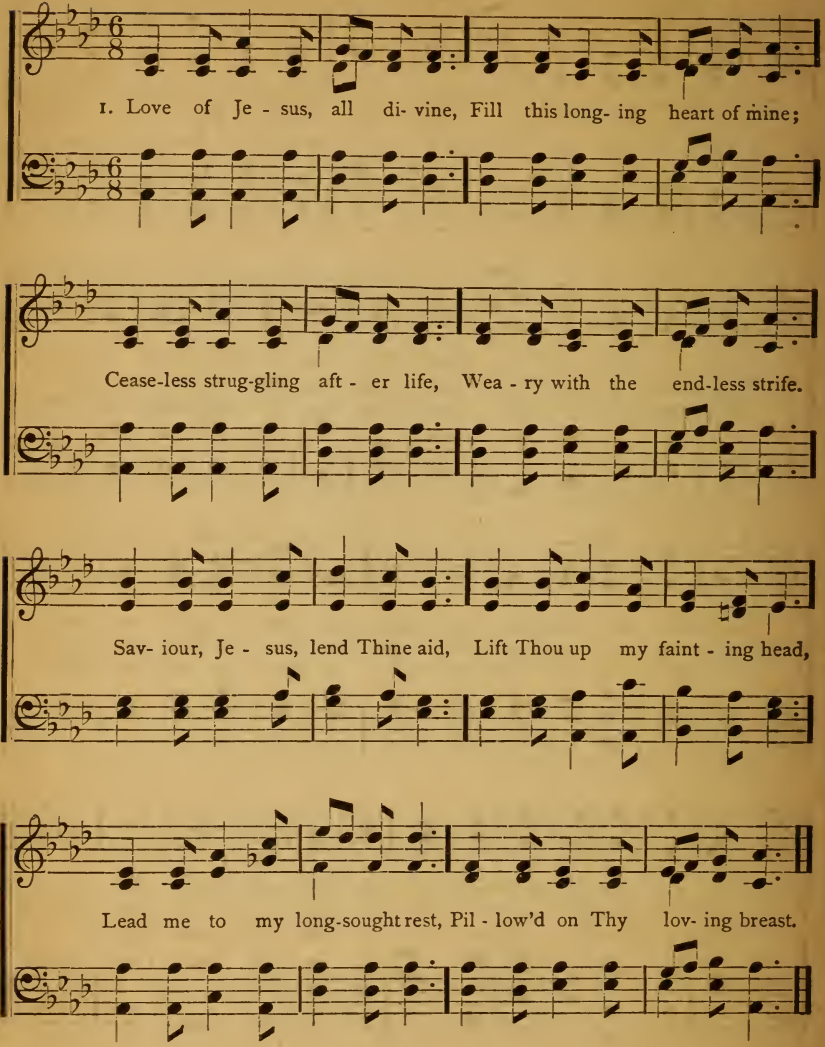
With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love;
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

5.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

8 Love of Jesus, all Divine.

7s. Old Melody.


1. Love of Je - sus, all di- vine, Fill this long- ing heart of mine;
Cease-less strug-gling aft - er life, Wea - ry with the end-less strife.
Sav- iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid, Lift Thou up my faint - ing head,
Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil - low'd on Thy lov- ing breast.

2.

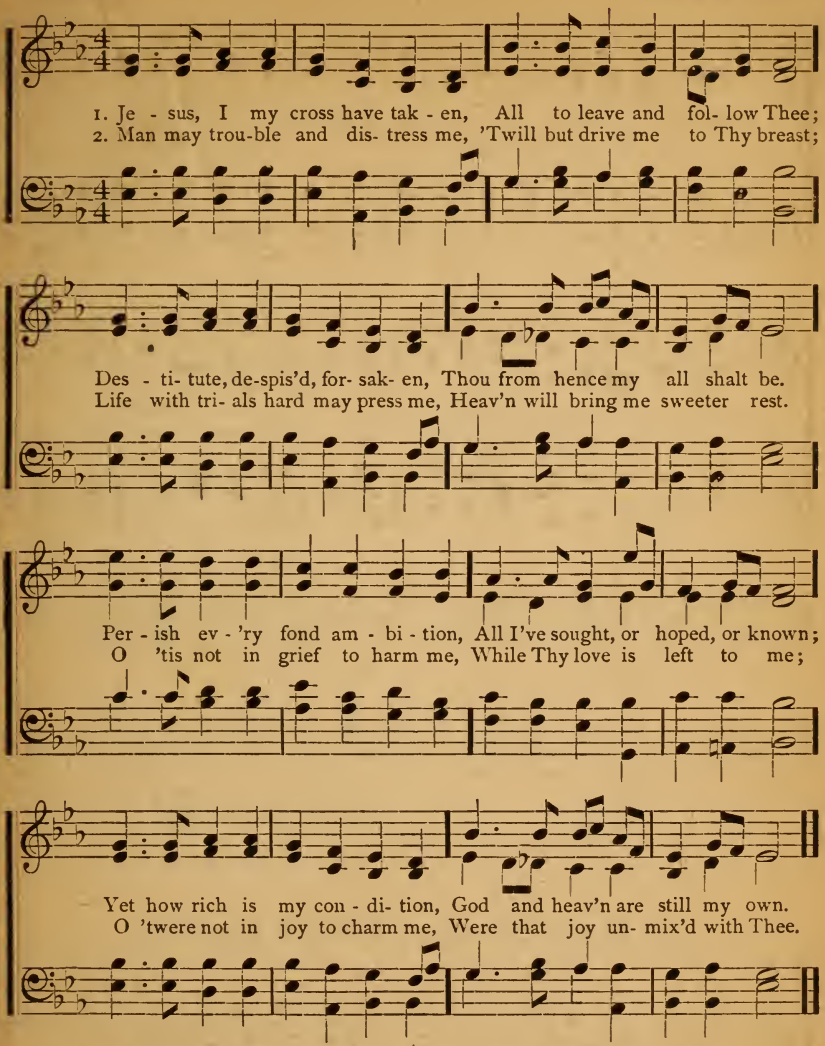
Thou alone my trust shall be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3.

Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

9 8s. & 7s. ISAAC WILLIS.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol- low Thee;
2. Man may trou-ble and dis- tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Des - ti- tute, de-spis'd, for- sak- en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Life with tri- als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Yet how rich is my con - di- tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un- mix'd with Thee.

3.

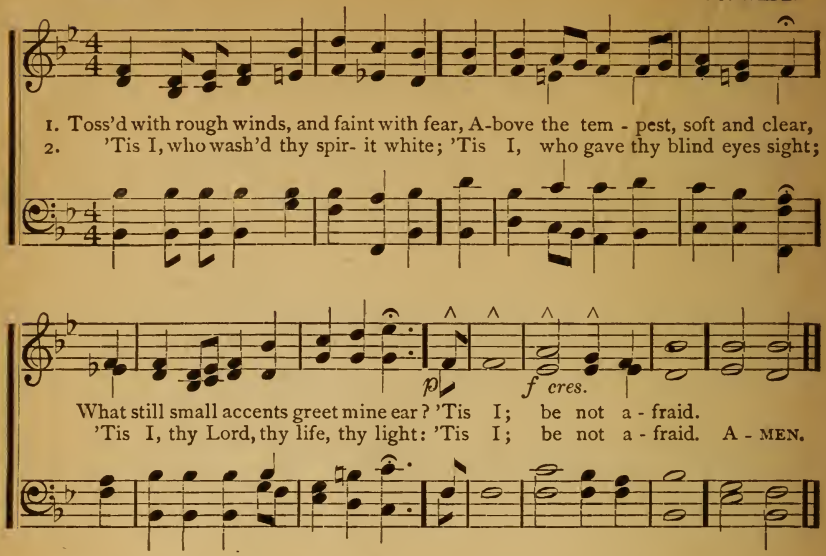
Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4.

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Tossed with Rough Winds.

10 8s. & 6. J. C. WADE.


1. Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear, A-bove the tem - pest, soft and clear,
2. 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spir- it white; 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
p
f cres.
What still small accents greet mine ear? 'Tis I; be not a - fraid.
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light: 'Tis I; be not a - fraid. A - MEN.

3.

These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me:
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

4.

This bitter cup, I drink it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

5.

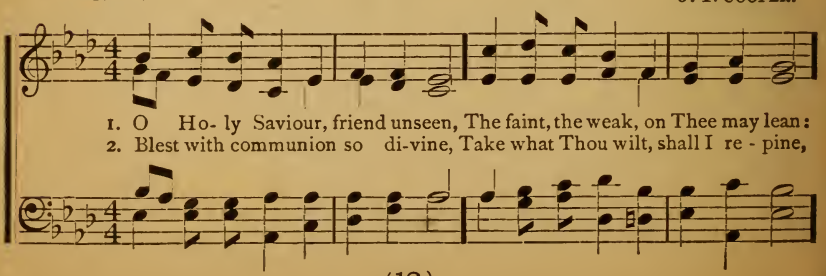
Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

6.

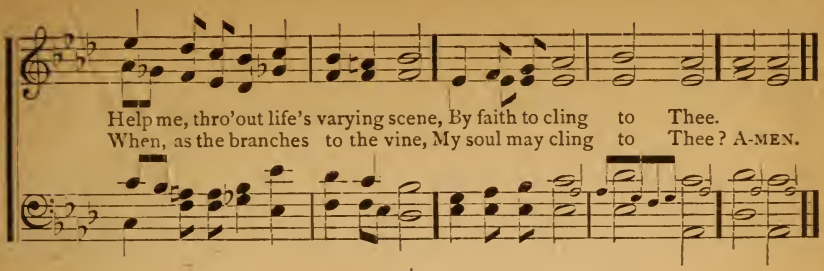
When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I; be not afraid.

O Holy Saviour, Friend Unseen.

11 8s. & 6. J. T. COOPER.


1. O Ho- ly Saviour, friend unseen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
2. Blest with communion so di-vine, Take what Thou wilt, shall I re - pine,

O Holy Saviour, Friend Unseen.—Concluded.


Help me, thro'out life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
When, as the branches to the vine, My soul may cling to Thee? A-MEN.

3.
What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

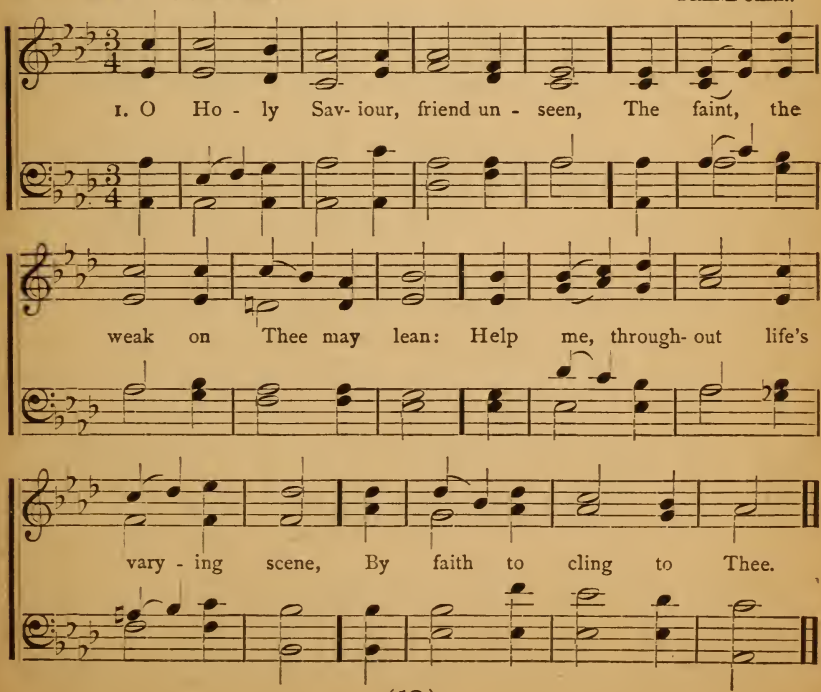
4.
Oft when I seem to tread alone,
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5.
Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

6.
They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

11 O Holy Saviour, Friend Unseen.

8s. & 6. *Second Tune.* FRANK CARR.

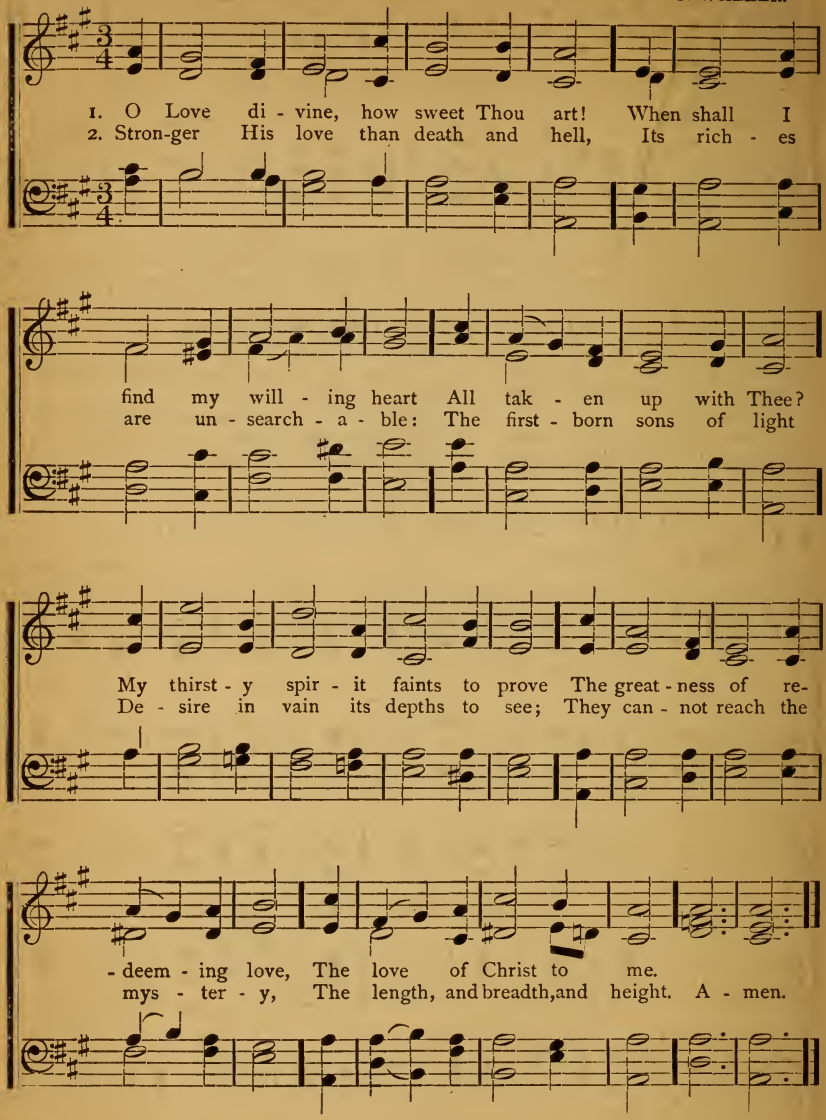

1. O Ho - ly Sav- iour, friend un - seen, The faint, the
weak on Thee may lean: Help me, through- out life's
vary - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.

O Love Divine, how Sweet Thou art!

12

8s. 8s. 6s.

EDWARD C. WALKER.

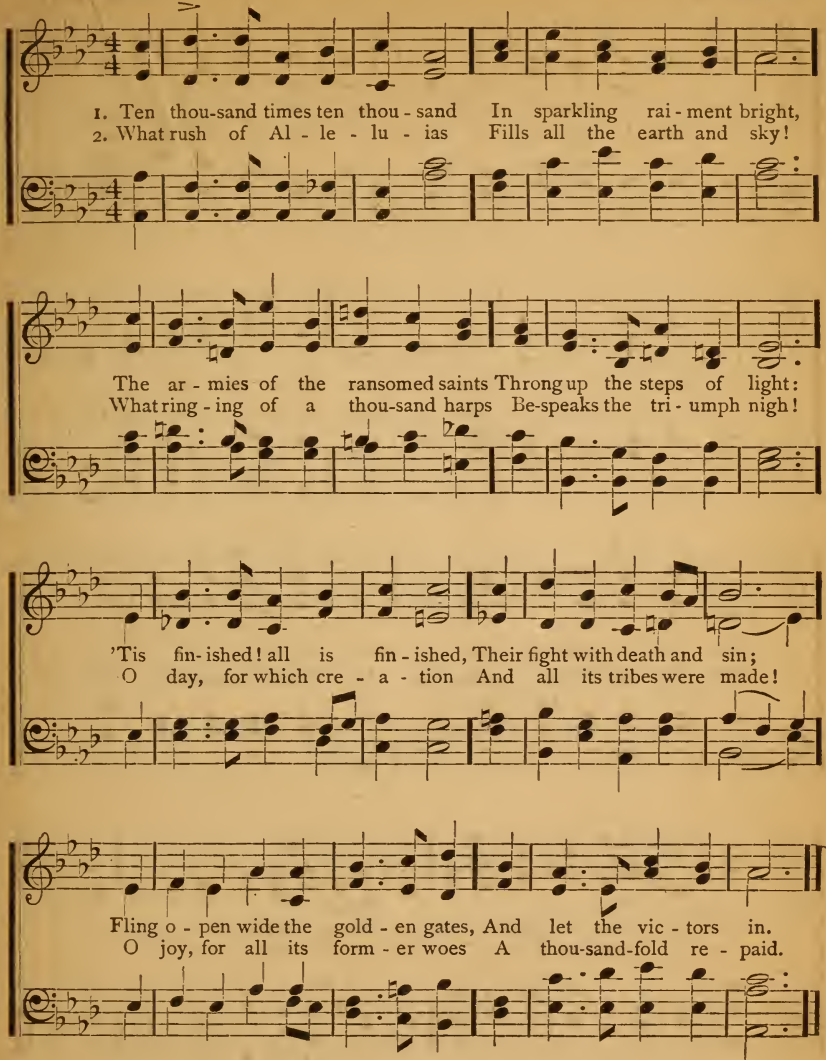

1. O Love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All tak - en up with Thee?
2. Stron-ger His love than death and hell, Its rich - es are un - search - a - ble: The first - born sons of light
My thirst - y spir - it faints to prove The great - ness of re-
De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the
- deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.
mys - ter - y, The length, and breadth, and height. A - men.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet,
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

13 7s. & 6s. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou - sand In sparkling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of Al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!
The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri - umph nigh!
'Tis fin-ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thou-sand-fold re - paid.

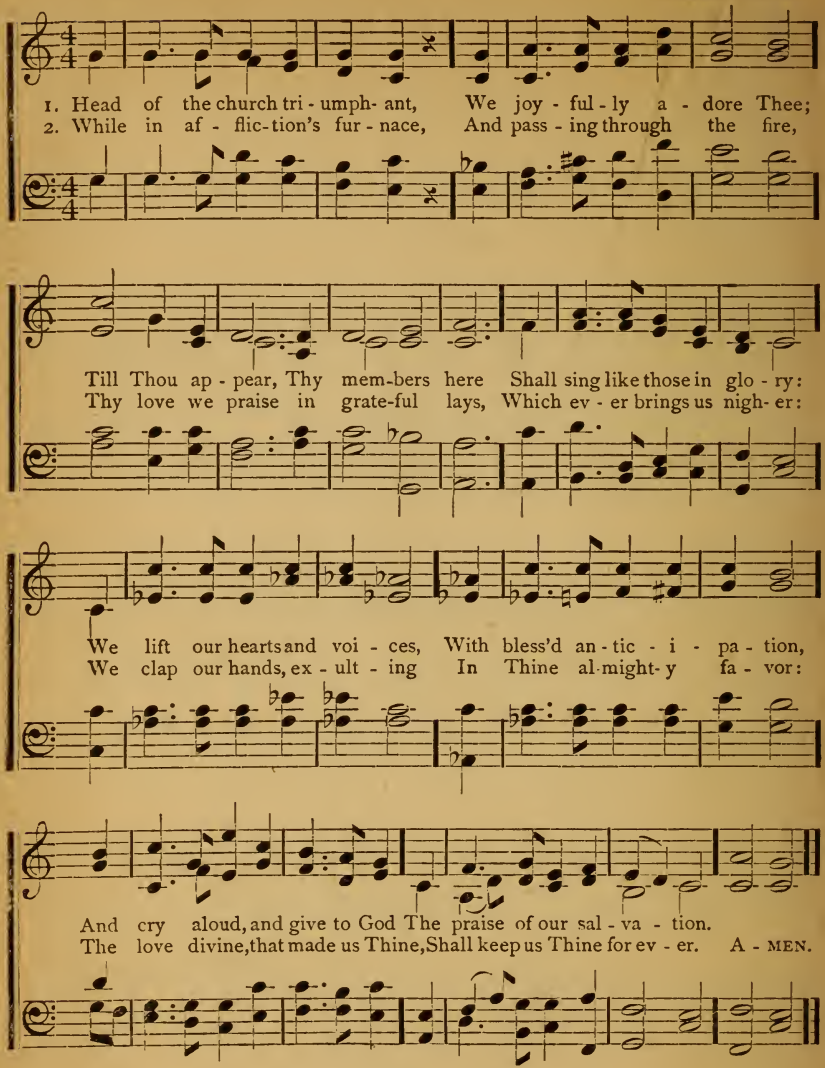
3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou LAMB for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home; [sign
Shew in the heavens Thy promised
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Head of the Church Triumphant.

14 P. M.

JAMES TURLE.


1. Head of the church tri - umph- ant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore Thee;
2. While in af - flic-tion's fur - nace, And pass - ing through the fire,
Till Thou ap - pear, Thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:
Thy love we praise in grate-ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh- er:
We lift our hearts and voi - ces, With bless'd an - tic - i - pa - tion,
We clap our hands, ex - ult - ing In Thine al-might- y fa - vor:
And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
The love divine, that made us Thine, Shall keep us Thine for ev - er. A - MEN.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes, [all,
By Thee we shall break through them
And sing the song of Moses.

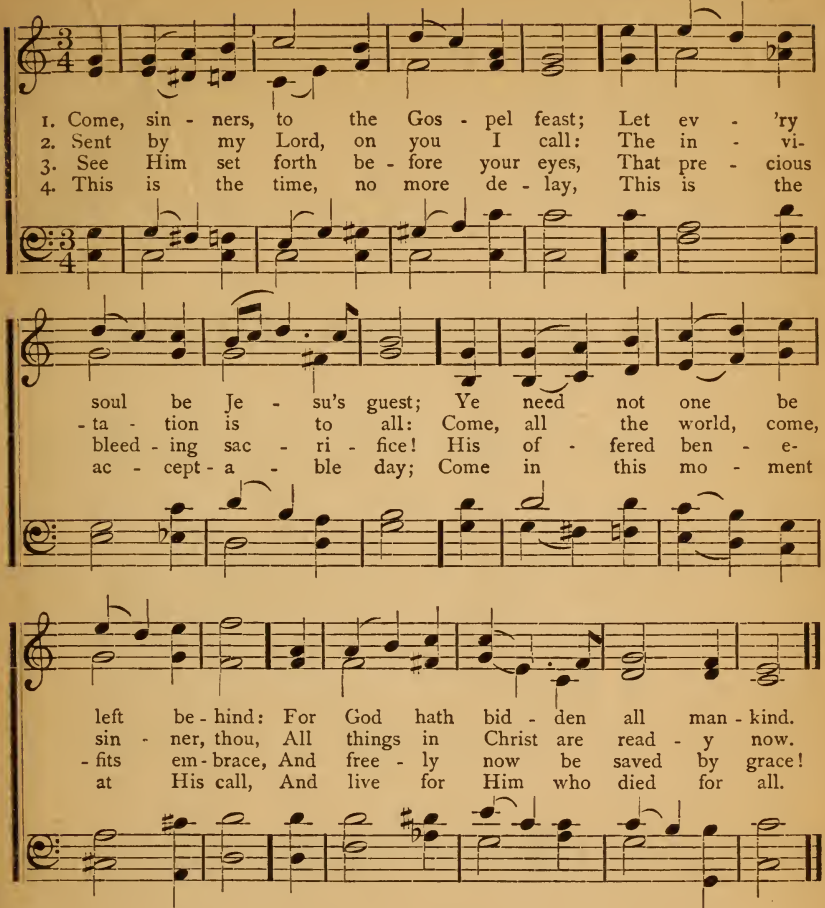
4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven. AMEN.

Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

15

L. M.

EMILIO PIERACCINI.


1. Come, sin - ners, to the Gos - pel feast; Let ev - 'ry
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call: The in - vi-
3. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes, That pre - cious
4. This is the time, no more de - lay, This is the
soul be Je - su's guest; Ye need not one be
- ta - tion is to all: Come, all the world, come,
bleed - ing sac - ri - fice! His of - fered ben - e-
ac - cept - a - ble day; Come in this mo - ment
left be - hind: For God hath bid - den all man - kind.
sin - ner, thou, All things in Christ are read - y now.
- fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace!
at His call, And live for Him who died for all.

16

1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises;—what are men?

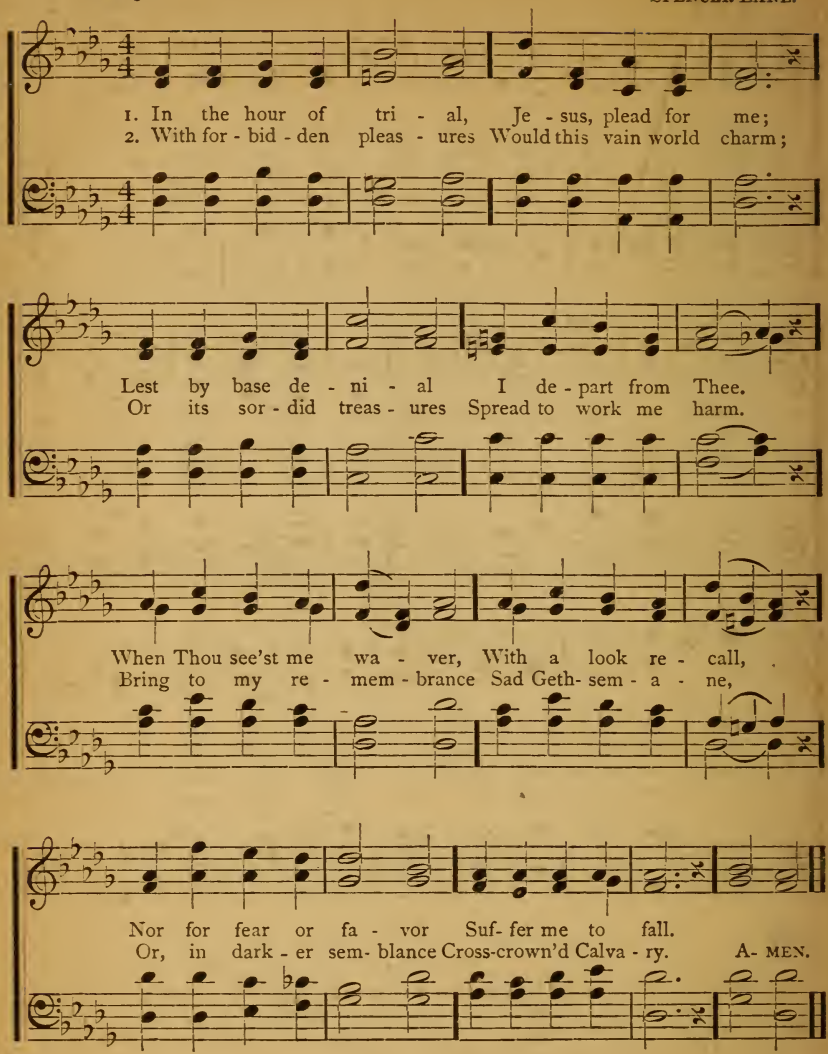
3 Go, labor on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, Behold I come.

In the Hour of Trial.

17 6s. & 5s. SPENCER LANE.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee.
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm.
When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call,
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth- sem - a - ne,
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf- fer me to fall.
Or, in dark - er sem- blance Cross-crown'd Calva - ry.
A- MEN.

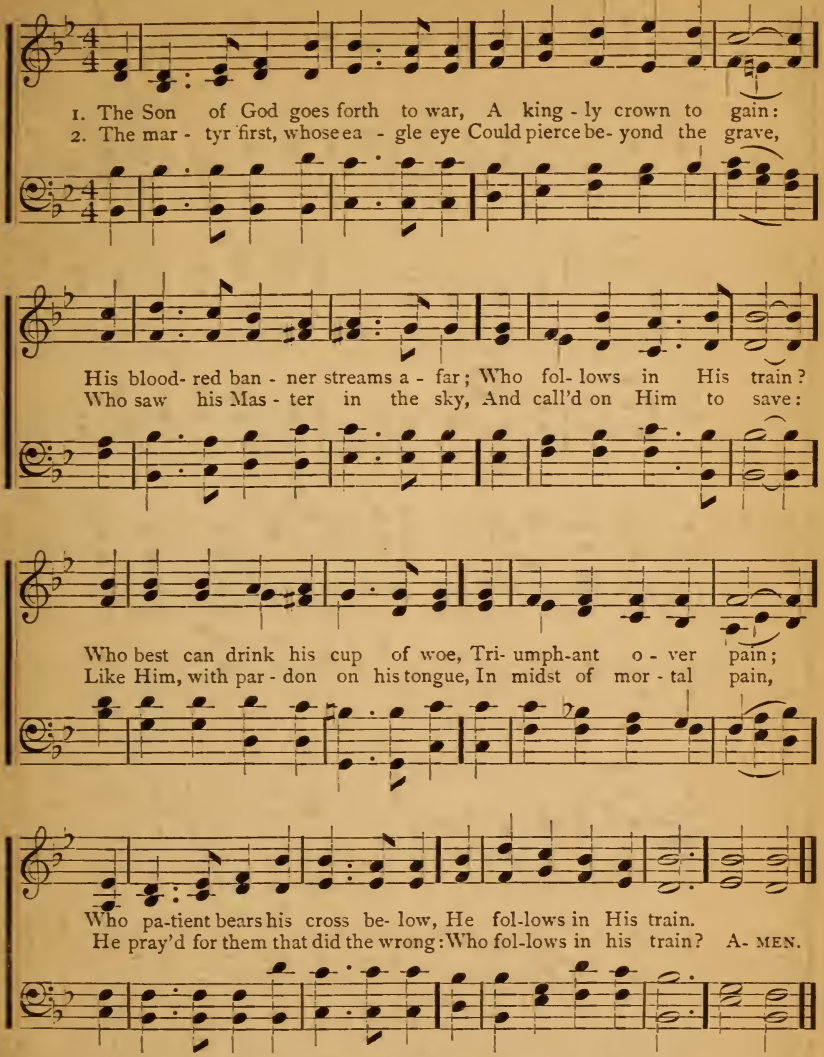
3.
Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below:
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4.
When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

The Son of God goes forth to War.

18 C. M. D.

HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be- yond the grave,
His blood- red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol- lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri- umph-ant o - ver pain;
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
Who pa-tient bears his cross be- low, He fol-lows in His train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train? A- MEN.

3.

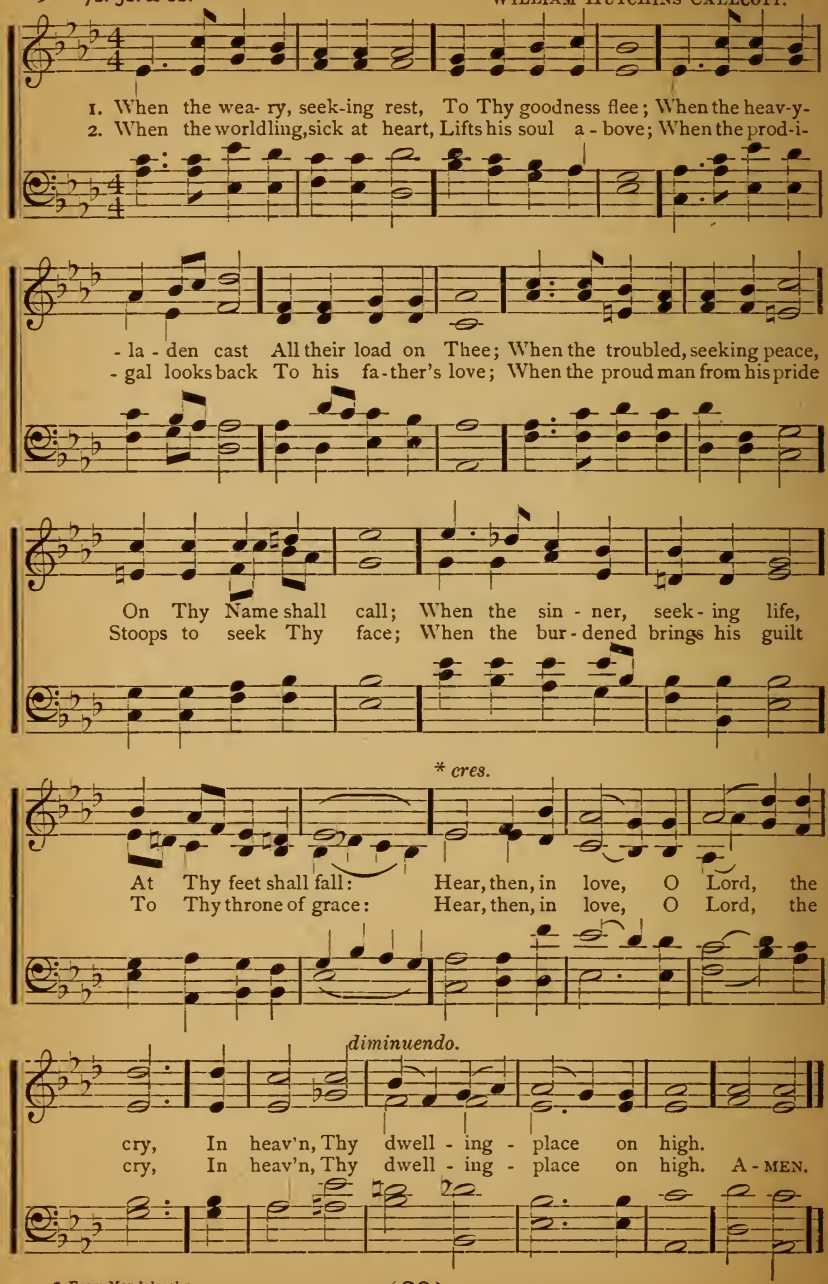
A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:
They bow'd their necks the death to
Who follows in their train?

4.

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd:
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

19 7s. 5s. & 8s. WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT.


1. When the wea- ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y-
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod-i-
- la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace,
- gal looks back To his fa-ther's love; When the proud man from his pride
On Thy Name shall call; When the sin - ner, seek - ing life,
Stoops to seek Thy face; When the bur - dened brings his guilt
* cres.
At Thy feet shall fall: Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the
To Thy throne of grace: Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the
diminuendo.
cry, In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high.
cry, In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A - MEN.

* From Mendelssohn.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

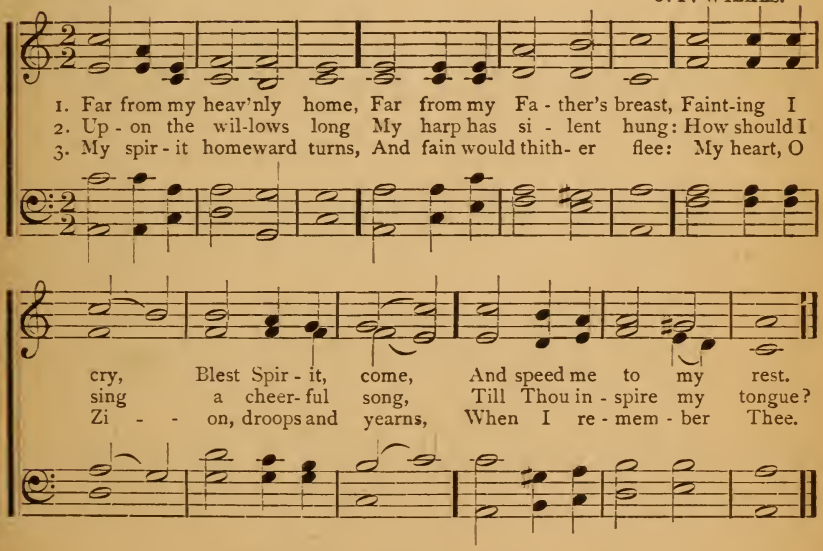
4 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Far from my Heavenly Home.

20

P. M.

J. P. WILKES.


1. Far from my heav'nly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint-ing I cry, Blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest.
2. Up - on the wil-lows long My harp has si - lent hung: How should I sing a cheer- ful song, Till Thou in - spire my tongue?
3. My spir - it homeward turns, And fain would thith- er flee: My heart, O Zi - - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem - ber Thee.

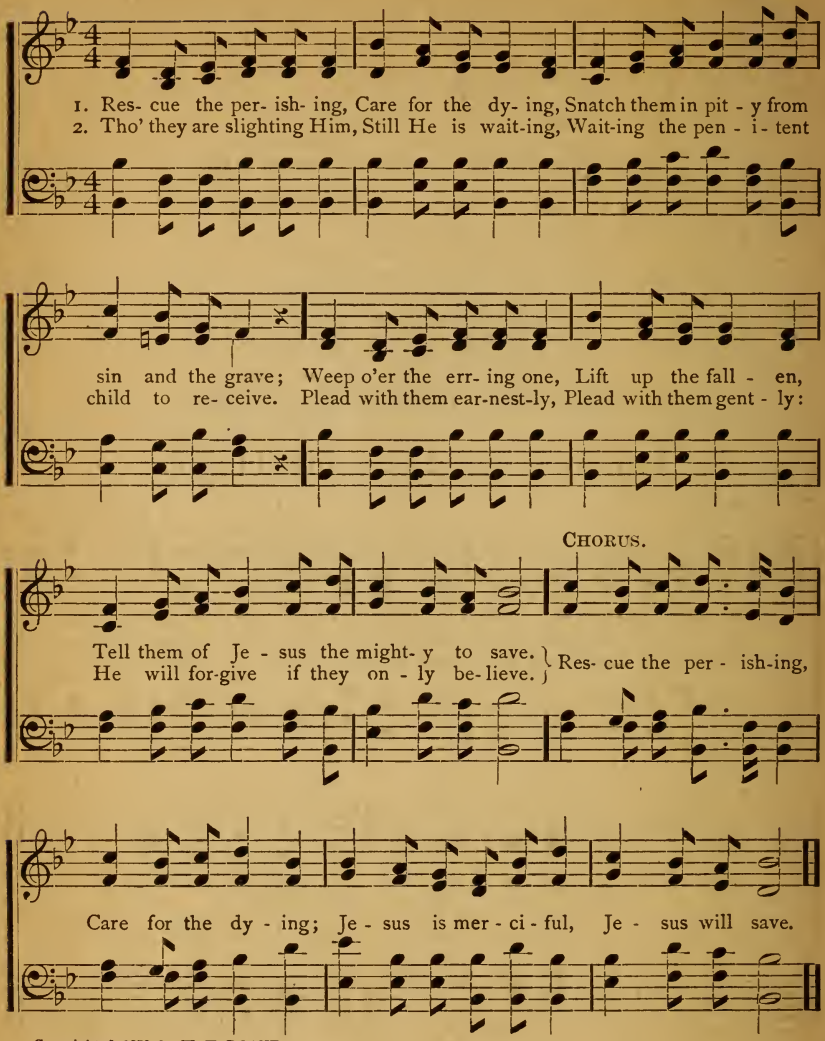
4 To Thee, to Thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hope I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rescue the Perishing.

21

W. H. DOANE.


1. Res- cue the per- ish- ing, Care for the dy- ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err- ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re- ceive. Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gent - ly:
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might- y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Res- cue the per - ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Copyrighted, 1870, by W. H. DOANE.

3.

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4.

Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide,
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Stand up for Jesus.

22 7s. & 6s. GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol- diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might- y con - flict In His glo - ri - ous day;
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num- ber'd foes;
'Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

3.

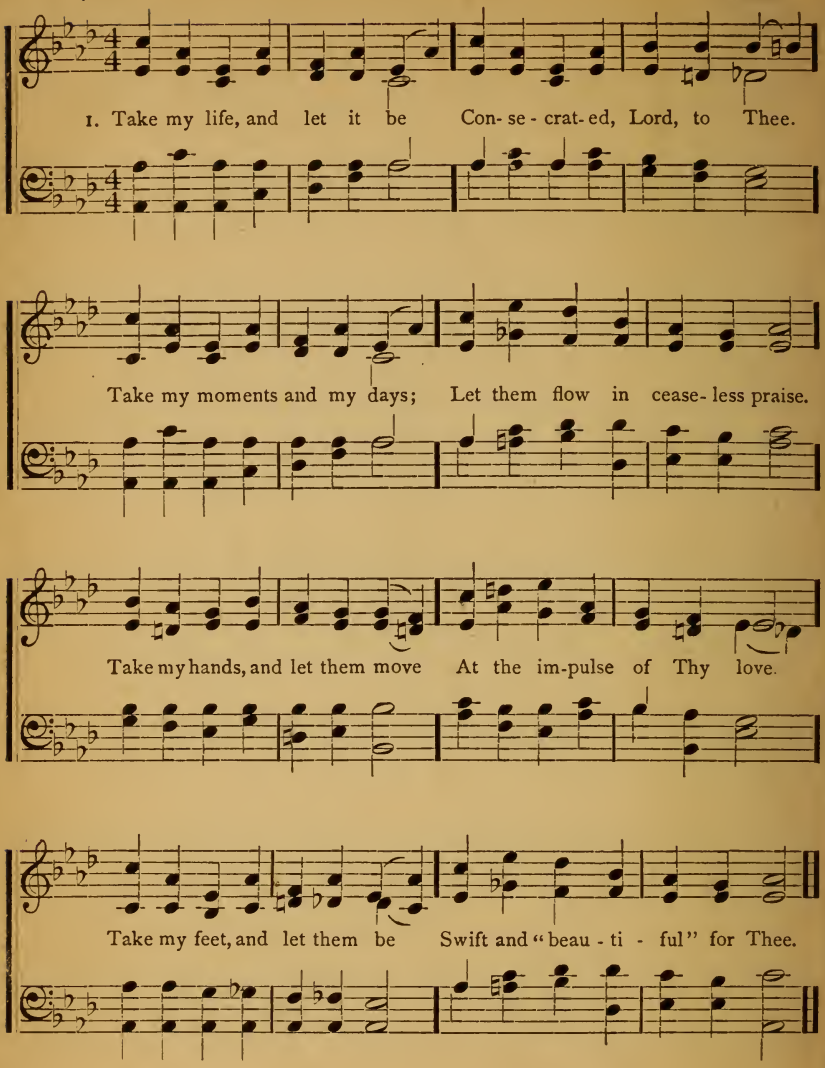
Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Take my Life, and let it Be.

23 7s. D. Anon.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con- se - crat- ed, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days; Let them flow in cease- less praise.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and "beau - ti - ful" for Thee.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

The Day is Past and Over.

24 7s. 6s. & 8s. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

mf
1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
2. The joys of day are o - ver; I lift my heart to Thee,
3. The toils of day are o - ver; I raise the hymn to Thee,
cres.
dim.
I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be:
And ask Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be:
And ask that free from per - il The hours of dark may be:
p
cres.
dim.
O Je-sus, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night.
O Je-sus, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night.
O Je-sus, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night. AMEN.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
"Against him I have now prevailed:
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

My Hope is Built on Nothing less.

25 8s. 6 lines.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When clouds and darkness veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je- sus' name.
On ev -'ry high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the vale.
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is shift- ing sand.
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is shift- ing sand.

3.

His Word, His Covenant, His Blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my help and stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is shifting sand.

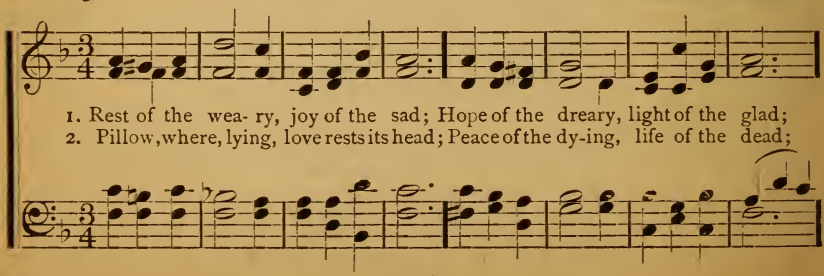
4.

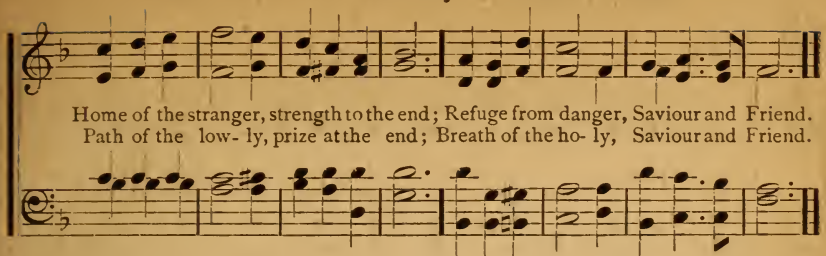
When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
Oh! may I then in Him be found;
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the Throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is shifting sand.

26 Rest of the Weary.

9s.

HENRY PARKER.


1. Rest of the wea- ry, joy of the sad; Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
2. Pillow, where, lying, love rests its head; Peace of the dy-ing, life of the dead;


Home of the stranger, strength to the end; Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.
Path of the low- ly, prize at the end; Breath of the ho- ly, Saviour and Friend.

3.

When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4.

Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise:—
All my endeavor, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

27 Peace, Perfect Peace.

10S. G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties press'd?
The blood of Je - sus whis- pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest. A - MEN.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

28 One there is Above all Others.

8s. & 4s.

BEATY.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves!
His is love be - yond a broth - er's, O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him, O how He loves!
Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil - der- ness He sought us,
But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, O how He loves!
To His fold He safe - ly brought us, O how He loves! A - MEN.

3.

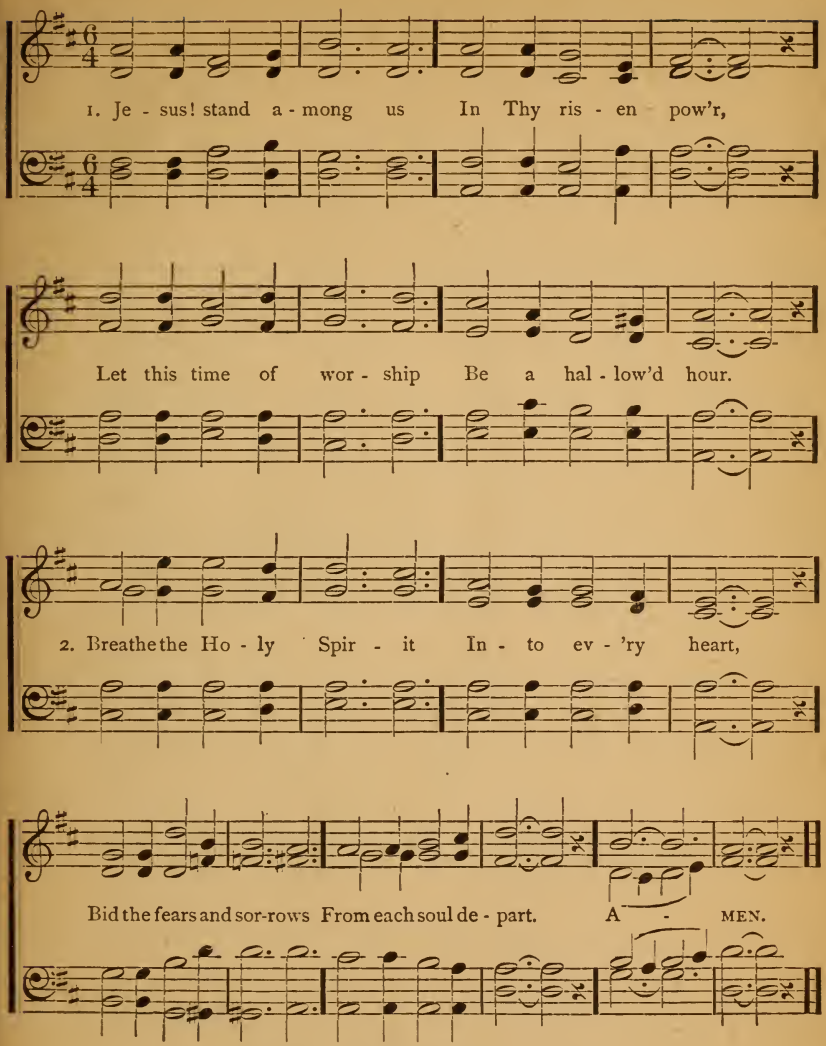
We have found a friend in Jesus,
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
O how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him:
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
O how He loves!

4.

Through His name we are forgiven,
O how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
O how He loves!

Jesus! Stand Among Us.

29 IIS.

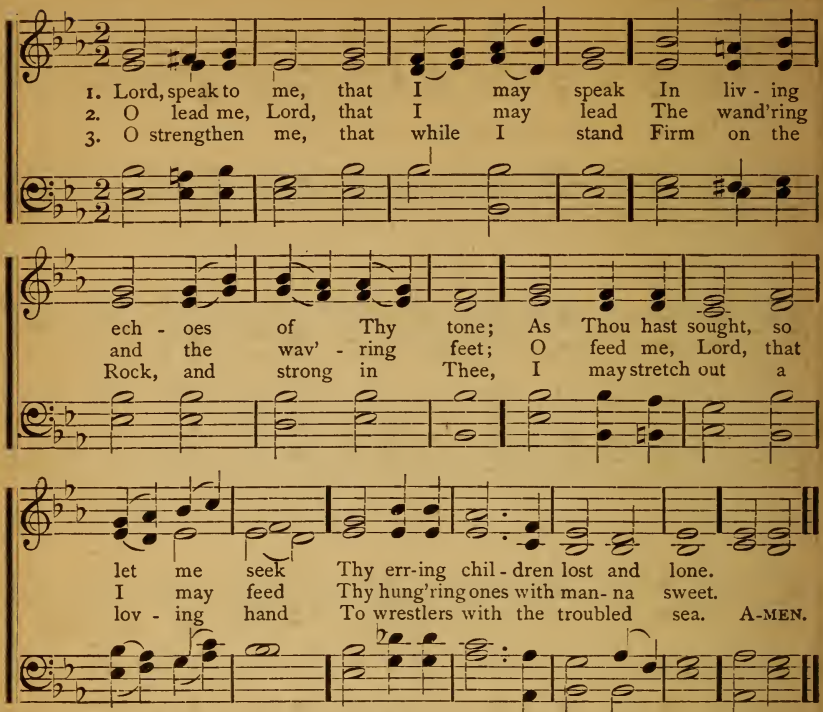

1. Je - sus! stand a - mong us In Thy ris - en pow'r,
Let this time of wor - ship Be a hal - low'd hour.
2. Breathe the Ho - ly Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry heart,
Bid the fears and sor-rows From each soul de - part. A - MEN.

3 Thus, with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of th' eternal day!

4 Jesus! stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

Lord, Speak to Me, that I may Speak.

30 L. M. GEORGE HEWS.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring
3. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the
ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so
and the wav' - ring feet; O feed me, Lord, that
Rock, and strong in Thee, I may stretch out a
let me seek Thy err-ing chil - dren lost and lone.
I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man- na sweet.
lov - ing hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea. A-MEN.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

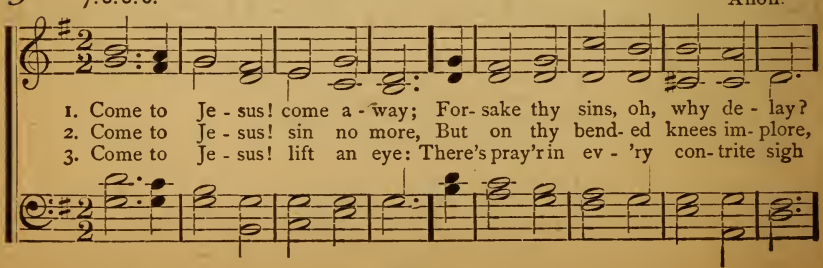
5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling tho't and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

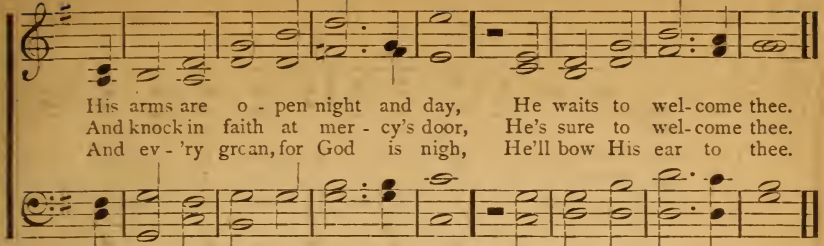
7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Come to Jesus! Come Away.

31 7.8.8.6. Anon.


1. Come to Je - sus! come a - way; For- sake thy sins, oh, why de - lay?
2. Come to Je - sus! sin no more, But on thy bend- ed knees im- plore,
3. Come to Je - sus! lift an eye: There's pray'r in ev - 'ry con- trite sigh

Come to Jesus! Come Away.—Concluded.


His arms are o - pen night and day, He waits to wel-come thee.
And knock in faith at mer - cy's door, He's sure to wel-come thee.
And ev - 'ry groan, for God is nigh, He'll bow His ear to thee.

4 Come to Jesus! all is free
Hark! how He calls "Come unto Me!
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee."
Oh, thou shalt welcome be.

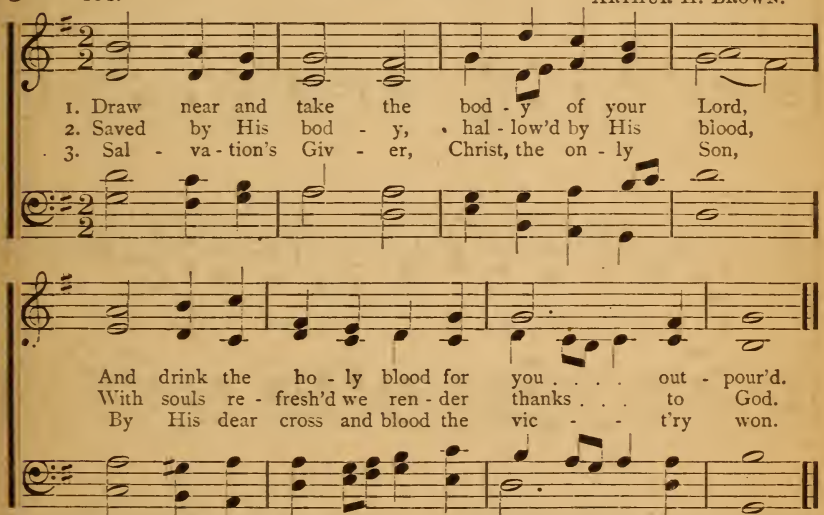
5 Come to Jesus! cling to Him,
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,
Thou shalt at last the vict'ry win;
And He will welcome thee.

6 Come to Jesus! do not stand,
The Father draws—'tis His command,
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
No—that can never be.

7 Come to Jesus! Lord, I come:
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me.

32 Draw Near.

10s. ARTHUR H. BROWN.


1. Draw near and take the bod - y of your Lord,
2. Saved by His bod - y, hal - low'd by His blood,
3. Sal - va - tion's Giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son,
And drink the ho - ly blood for you . . . . out - pour'd.
With souls re - fresh'd we ren - der thanks . . . to God.
By His dear cross and blood the vic - - t'ry won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offer'd by the law of old,
Which in a type celestial mysteries told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade.
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.

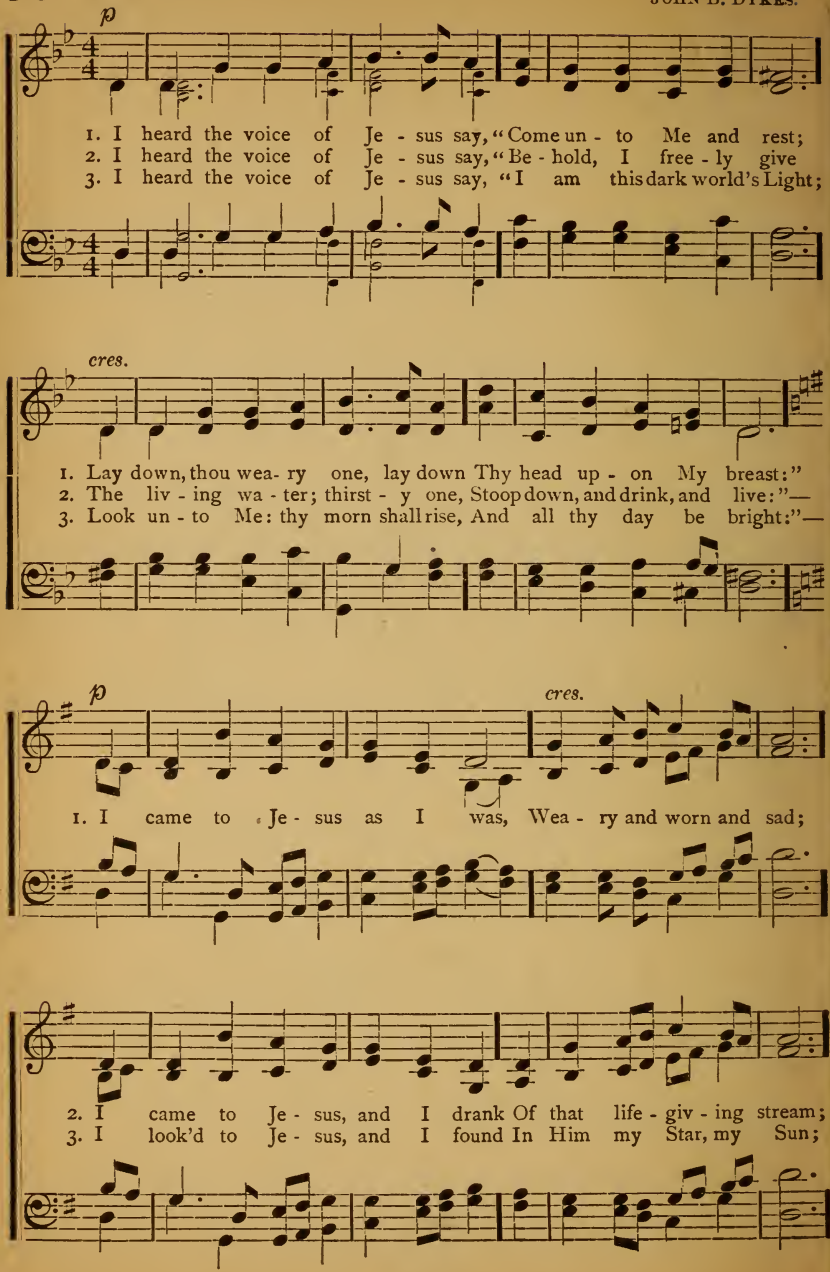
8 He, that in this world rules His saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

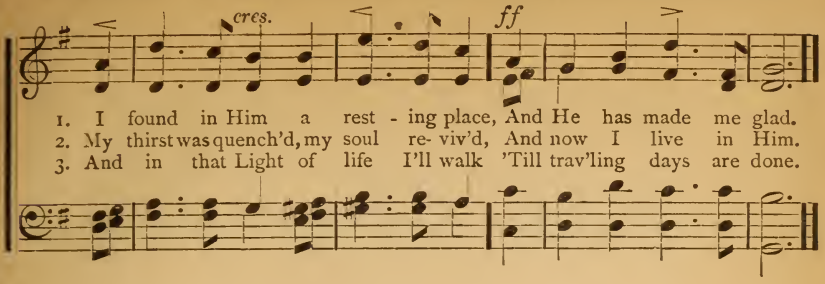
10 O Judge of all, our only Saviour Thou,
In this Thy feast of love be with us now.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

33 8s. & 6s. JOHN B. DYKES.

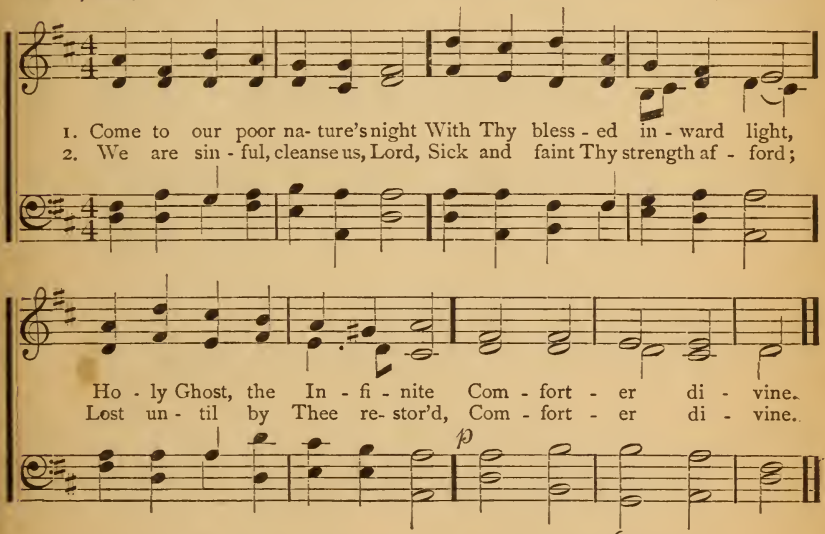

p
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
cres.
1. Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:"
2. The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live:"—
3. Look un - to Me: thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright:"—
p
cres.
1. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
2. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
3. I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.—Concluded.


cres.
ff
1. I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
2. My thirst was quench'd, my soul re- viv'd, And now I live in Him.
3. And in that Light of life I'll walk 'Till trav'ling days are done.

34 Come to our Poor Nature's Night.

7s. & 4. F. FILITZ.


1. Come to our poor na- ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,
2. We are sin - ful, cleanse us, Lord, Sick and faint Thy strength af - ford;
Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite Com - fort - er di - vine.
Lost un - til by Thee re- stor'd, Com - fort - er di - vine.
p

3.
Orphans are our souls and poor,
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter divine.

4.
Like the dew Thy peace distil,
Guide, subdue, our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

5.
Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
Sanctify Thy place of rest,
Comforter divine.

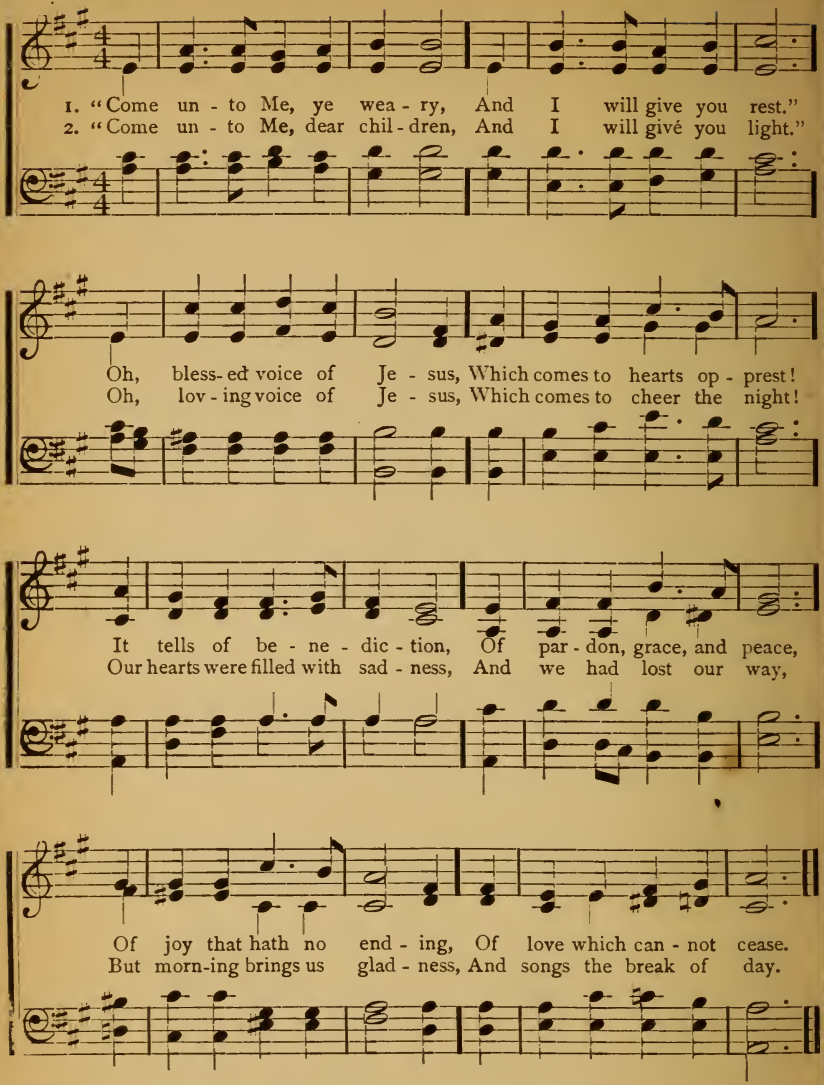
6.
In us—for us—intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

7.
In us Abba Father cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

8.
Search for us the depth of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine.

Come unto Me, ye Weary.

35 7s. & 6s. Anon.


1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to Me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light."
Oh, bless-ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!
It tells of be - ne - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.
But morn-ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made as mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 And "Whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

36 Hark, the Voice of Jesus Crying.

8s. & 7s.

S. M. GRANNIS.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus crying, "Who will go and work to - day? Fields are
white and har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a- way?" Loud and
strong the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers thee; Who will answer glad-ly
rall.
say- ing, "Here am I, send me, send me, Here am I, send me, send me."

Used by permission, S. BRAINARD'S SONS, owners of the Copyright.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

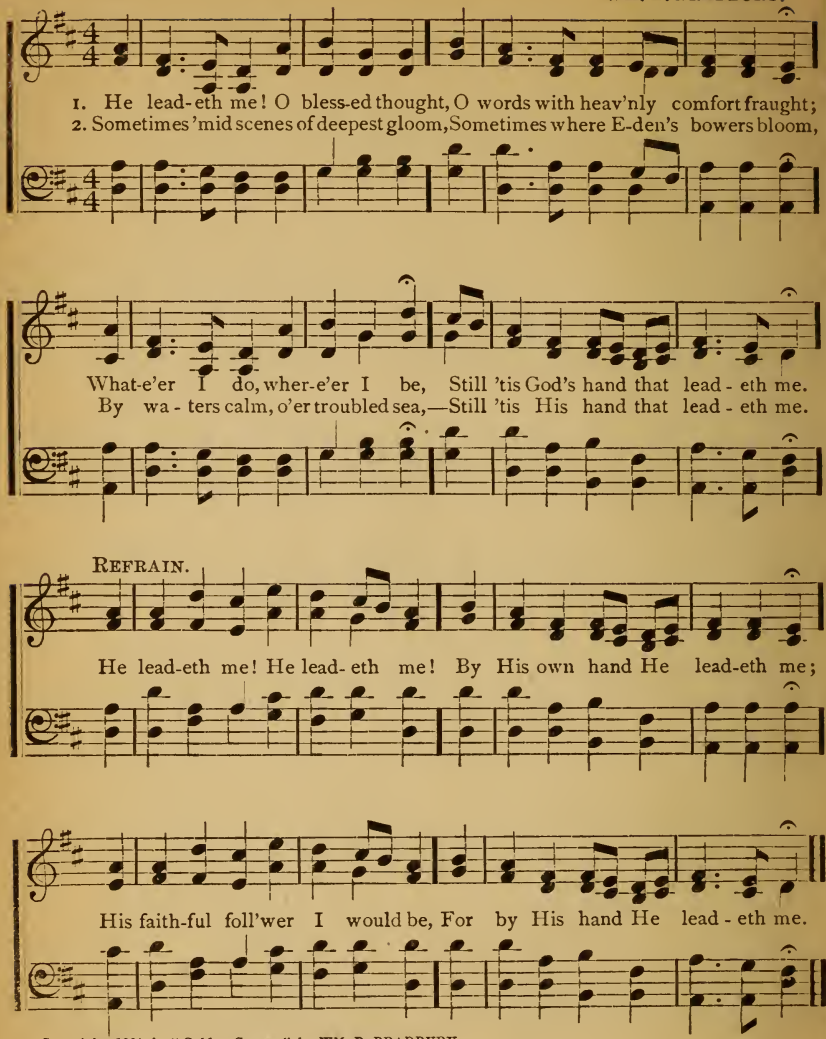
4 If, among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children,
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

5 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

He Leadeth Me.

37 L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters calm, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me! He lead- eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

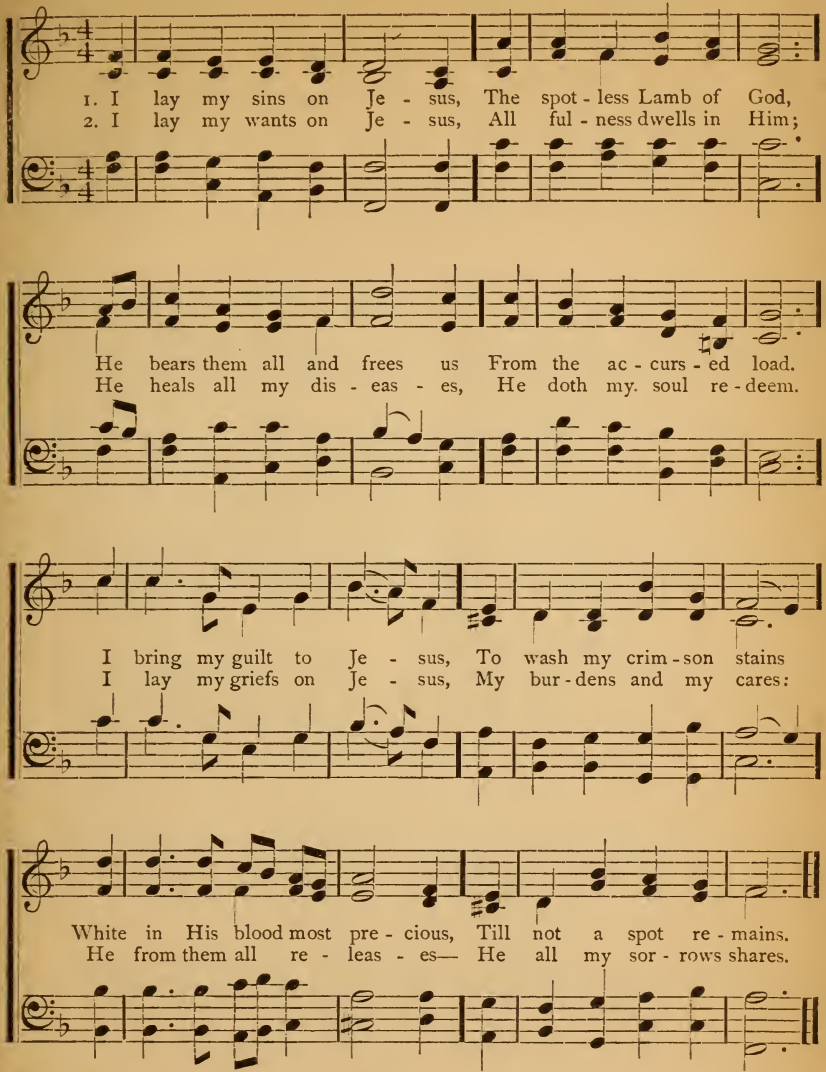
Copyright, 1864, in "Golden Censer," by WM. B. BRADBURY.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

38 7s. & 6s. Rev. W. H. AITKEN.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God,
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All ful - ness dwells in Him;
He bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares:
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es— He all my sor - rows shares.

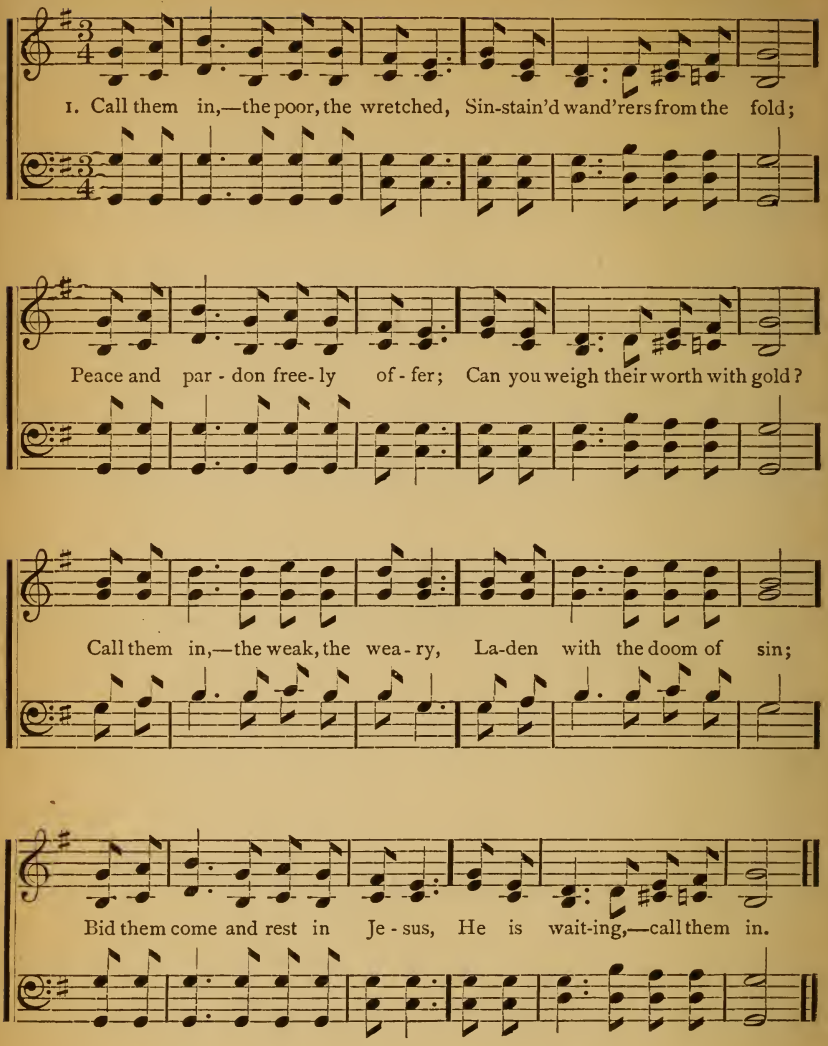
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord—
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Call Them In.

39 8s. 7s. D.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

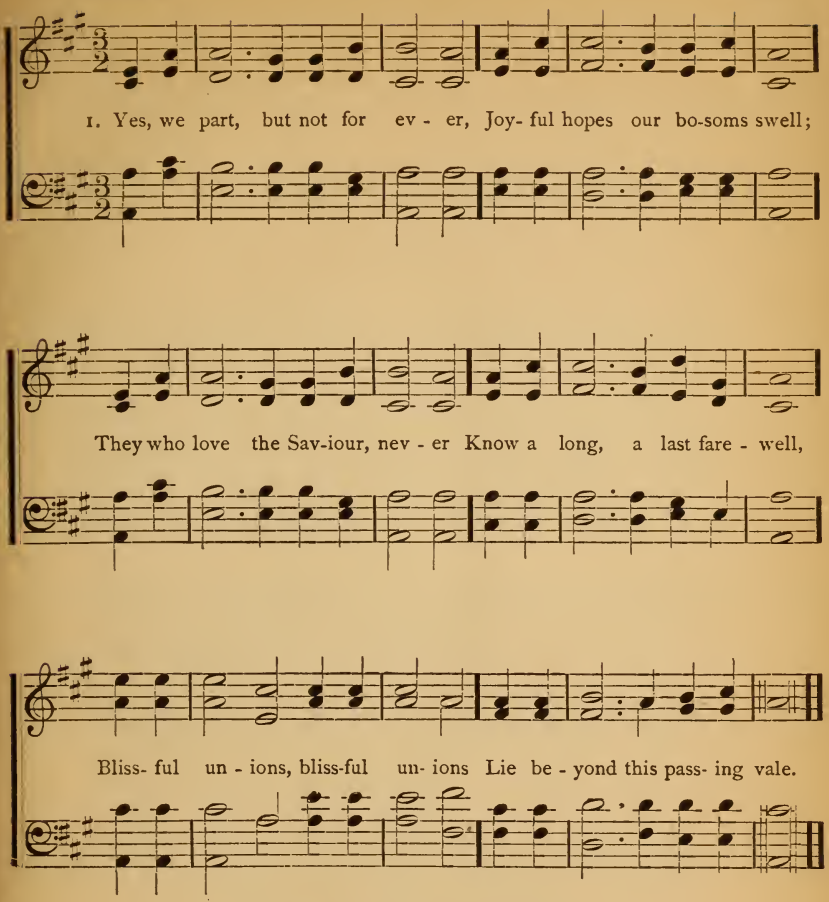

1. Call them in,—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wand'rers from the fold;
Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in,—the weak, the wea - ry, La-den with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Je - sus, He is wait-ing,—call them in.

2 Call them in,—the Jew, the Gentile,
Bid the stranger to the feast:
Call them in,—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least,
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones,—call them in.

3 Call them in,—the broken-hearted,
Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Call them in,—the lost and lonely,
Christ is coming—call them in.

Yes, we Part, but Not for Ever.

40 8s. 7s. & 4s. ANON.


1. Yes, we part, but not for ev - er, Joy- ful hopes our bo-soms swell;
They who love the Sav-iour, nev - er Know a long, a last fare - well,
Bliss- ful un - ions, bliss-ful un- ions Lie be - yond this pass- ing vale.

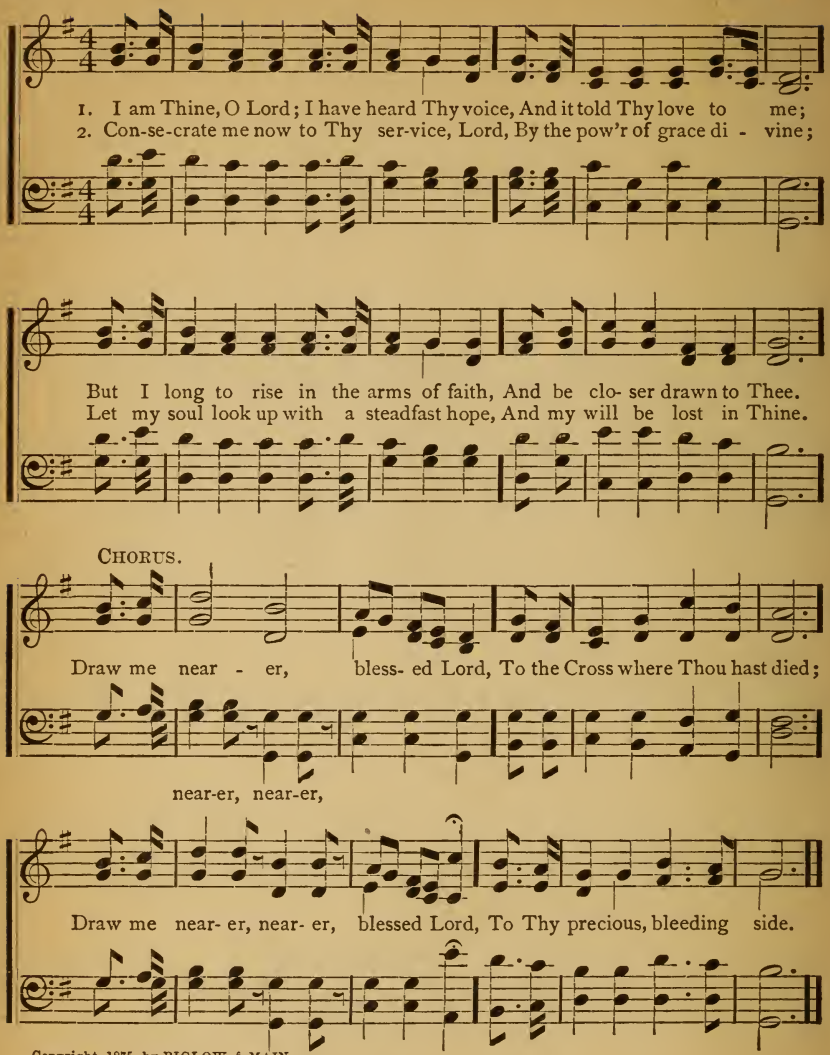
2 Oh, what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell,
Glorious meetings to restore us—
Him with whom we love to dwell,
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell!

3 Thus we part, but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell!
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a last, a long farewell,
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

I am Thine, O Lord.

41

W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo- ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
CHORUS.
Draw me near - er, bless- ed Lord, To the Cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near- er, near- er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

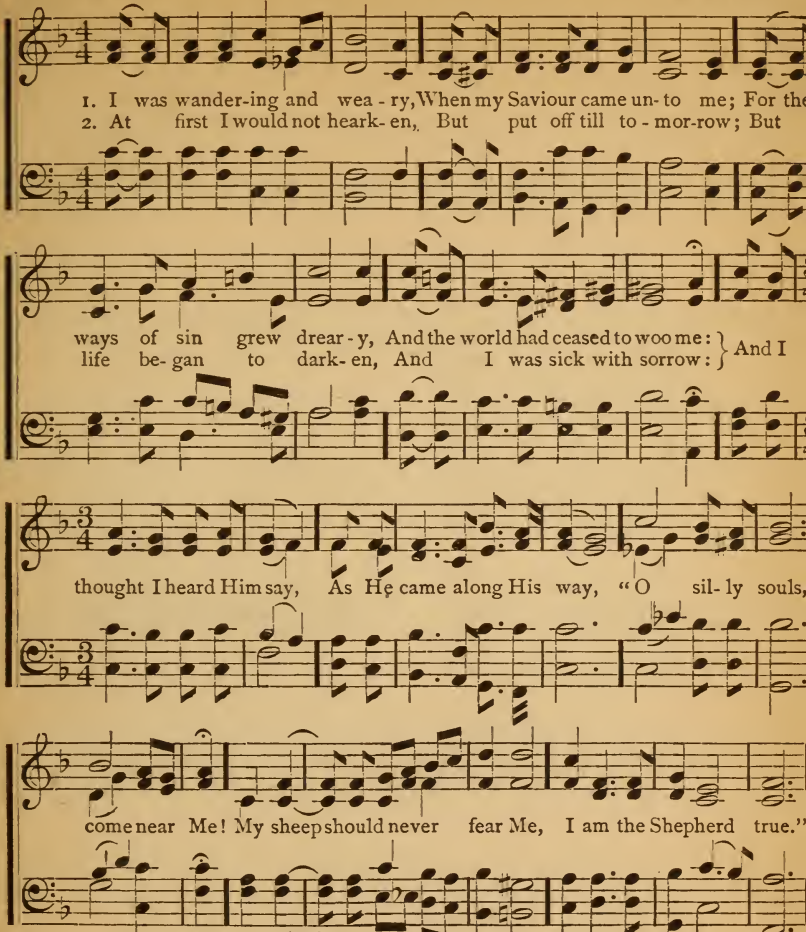
Copyright, 1875, by BIGLOW & MAIN.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot touch
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

I was Wandering and Weary.

42 P. M. J. W. WAUGH.


1. I was wander-ing and wea - ry, When my Saviour came un- to me; For the
2. At first I would not heark- en, But put off till to - mor-row; But
ways of sin grew drear - y, And the world had ceased to woo me:
life be- gan to dark- en, And I was sick with sorrow:
And I
thought I heard Him say, As He came along His way, "O sil- ly souls,
come near Me! My sheep should never fear Me, I am the Shepherd true."

3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could ne'er deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O silly souls," &c.

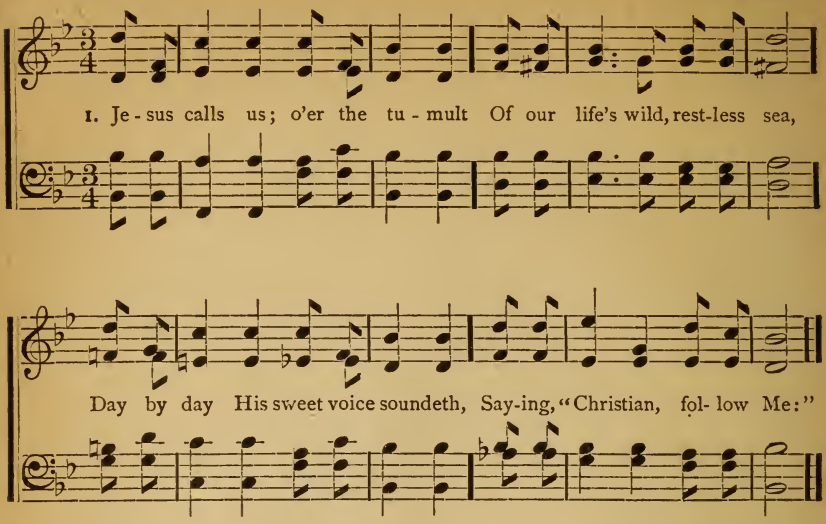
4 He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love grow bolder,
And said how He had missed me:
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
"O silly souls," &c.

5 I thought His love would weaken
As more and more He knew me,
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go thro' me
And I always hear Him say,
As He comes along His way,
"O silly souls," &c.

6 Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and always please u
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus!
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O silly souls," &c.

Jesus calls Us; o'er the Tumult.

43 8s. & 7s. W. H. JUDE.


1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol- low Me:"

2 As of old Apostles heard it,
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

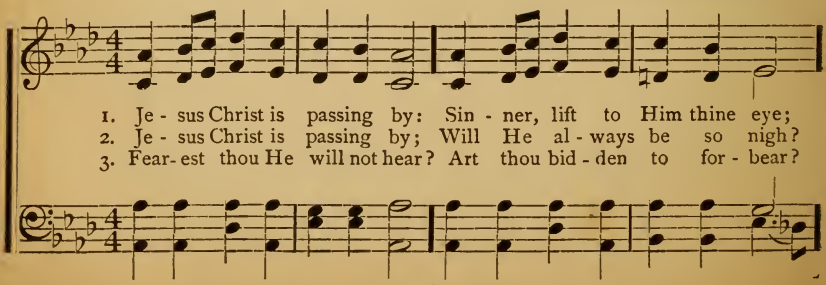
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

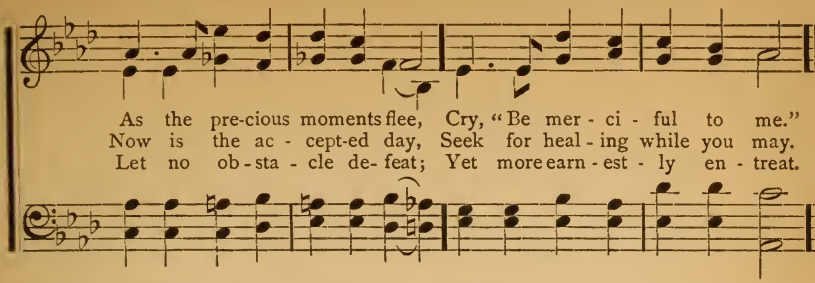
5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience.
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Jesus Christ is Passing By.

44 7s. W. W. WOODWARD.


1. Je - sus Christ is passing by: Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Je - sus Christ is passing by; Will He al - ways be so nigh?
3. Fear-est thou He will not hear? Art thou bid - den to for - bear?

Jesus Christ is Passing By.—Concluded.


As the pre-cious moments flee, Cry, "Be mer - ci - ful to me."
Now is the ac - cept-ed day, Seek for heal - ing while you may.
Let no ob - sta - cle de- feat; Yet more earn - est - ly en - treat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

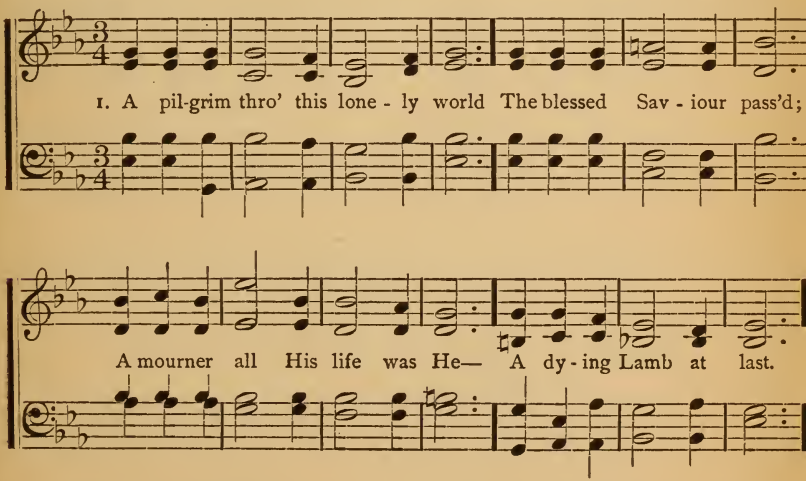
6 Oh how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise.

A Pilgrim through this Lonely World.

45 C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, alt.



2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Dead to the world, with Him who died,
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

4 By faith, His boundless glories ther
Our wond'ring eyes behold—
Those glories which eternal years
Can never all unfold.

5 This fills our hearts with deep desir
To lose ourselves in love:
Bears all our hopes from earth away
And fixes them above.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God;
Here faith can touch and han - dle things un - seen:
Here drink with Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n;
Here would I grasp with firm - er hand Thy grace,
Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load;
And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n. A - MEN.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed:
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

Here, O my Lord.—Concluded.

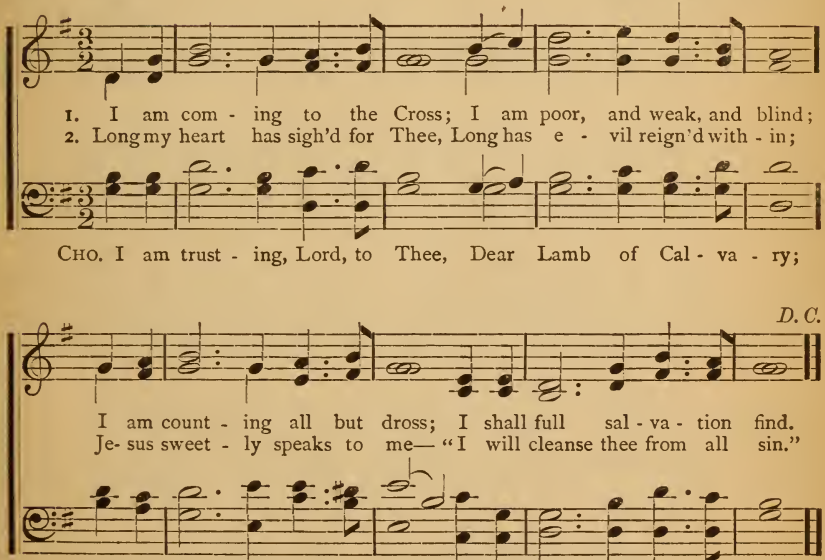
5 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear:
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

I am Coming to the Cross.

47 P. M.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e - vil reign'd with - in;
CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, to Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. C.
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je- sus sweet - ly speaks to me— "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

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3.
Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.—CHO.

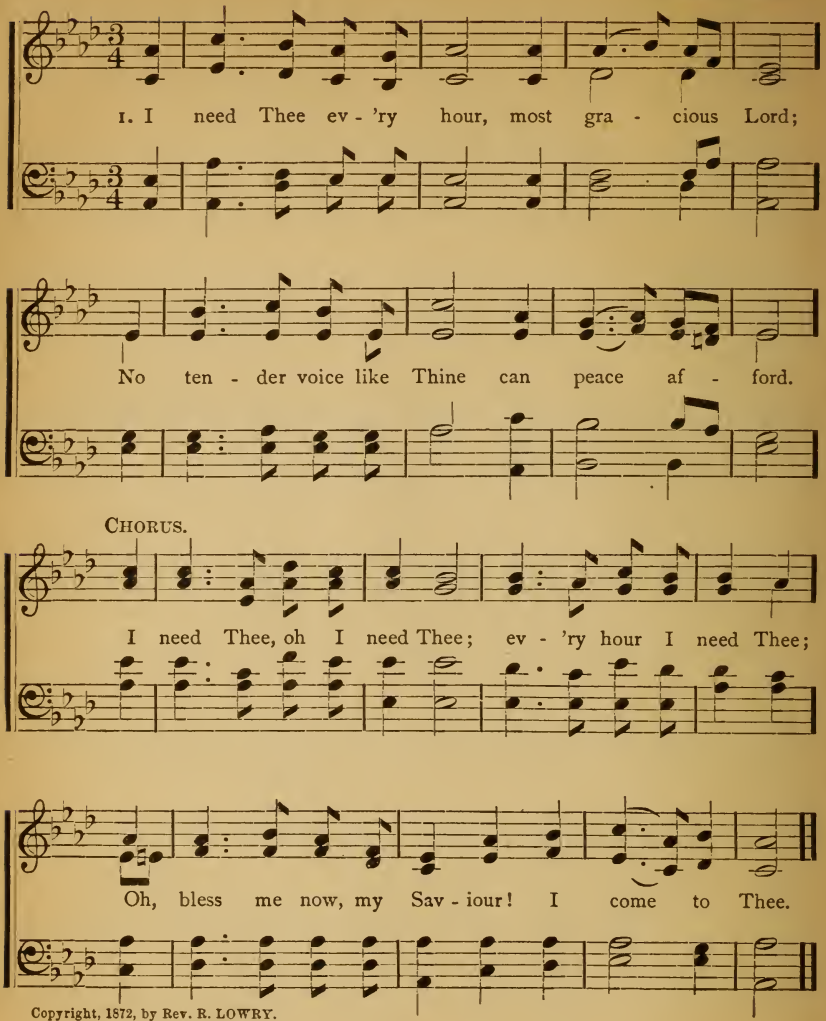
4.
In the promises I trust,
Now I know the blood applied.
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

5.
Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory, to the Lamb.

CHORUS.
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow;
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

48 I need Thee every Hour.

ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, most gra - cious Lord;
No ten - der voice like Thine can peace af - ford.
CHORUS.
I need Thee, oh I need Thee; ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Rev. R. LOWRY.

2 I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

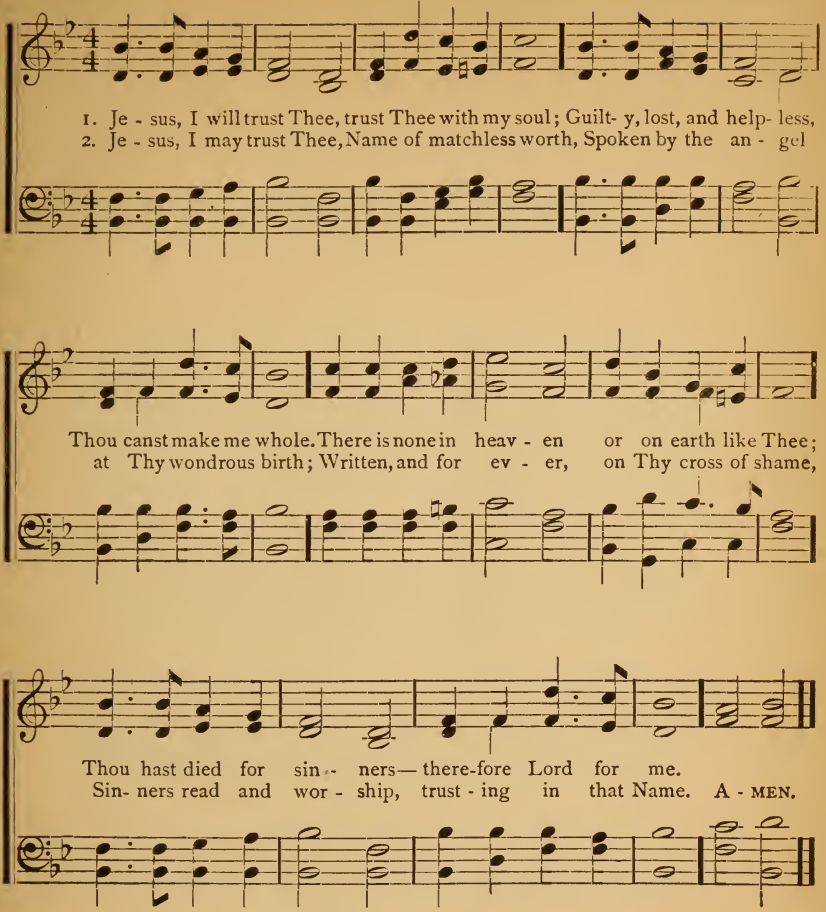
3 I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour, teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour, Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessèd Son.

Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

49 11 s. ANON.


1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt- y, lost, and help- less,
2. Je - sus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth, Spoken by the an - gel
Thou canst make me whole. There is none in heav - en or on earth like Thee;
at Thy wondrous birth; Written, and for ev - er, on Thy cross of shame,
Thou hast died for sin - ners— there-fore Lord for me.
Sin- ners read and wor - ship, trust - ing in that Name. A - MEN.

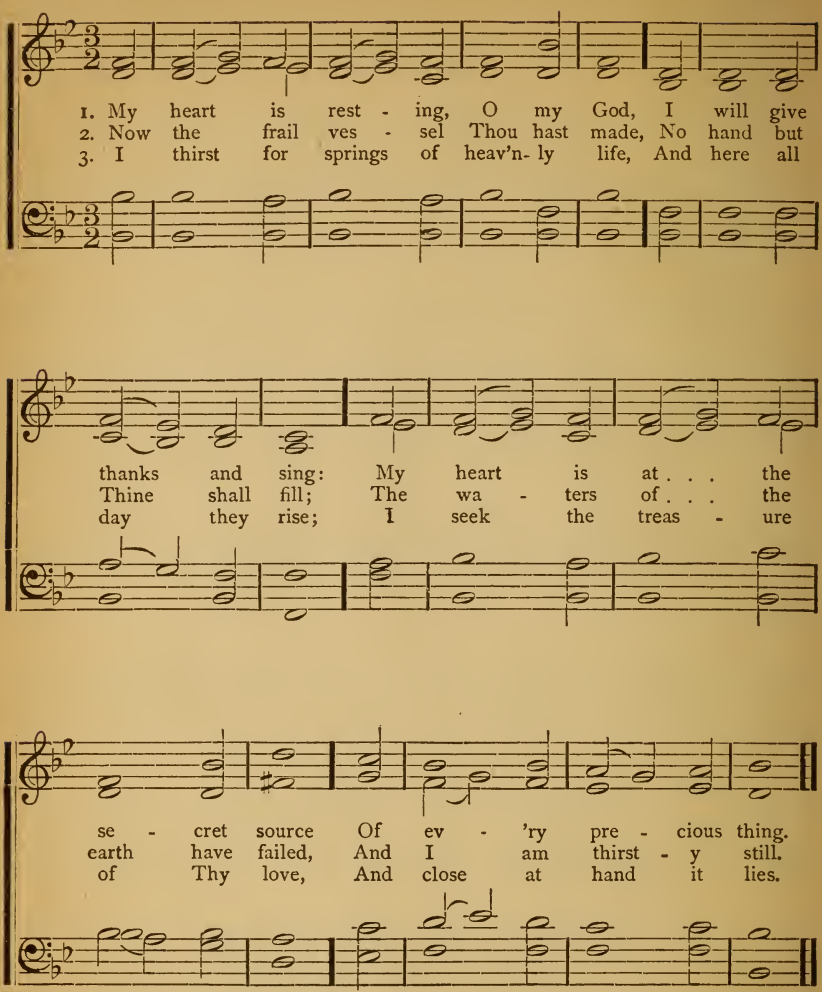
3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written Word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard,
When Thy spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;"
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.

My Heart is Resting, O my God.

50 C. M. Anon.


1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give
thanks and sing: My heart is at . . . the
se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.
2. Now the frail ves - sel Thou hast made, No hand but
Thine shall fill; The wa - ters of . . . the
earth have failed, And I am thirst - y still.
3. I thirst for springs of heav'n- ly life, And here all
day they rise; I seek the treas - ure
of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

5 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

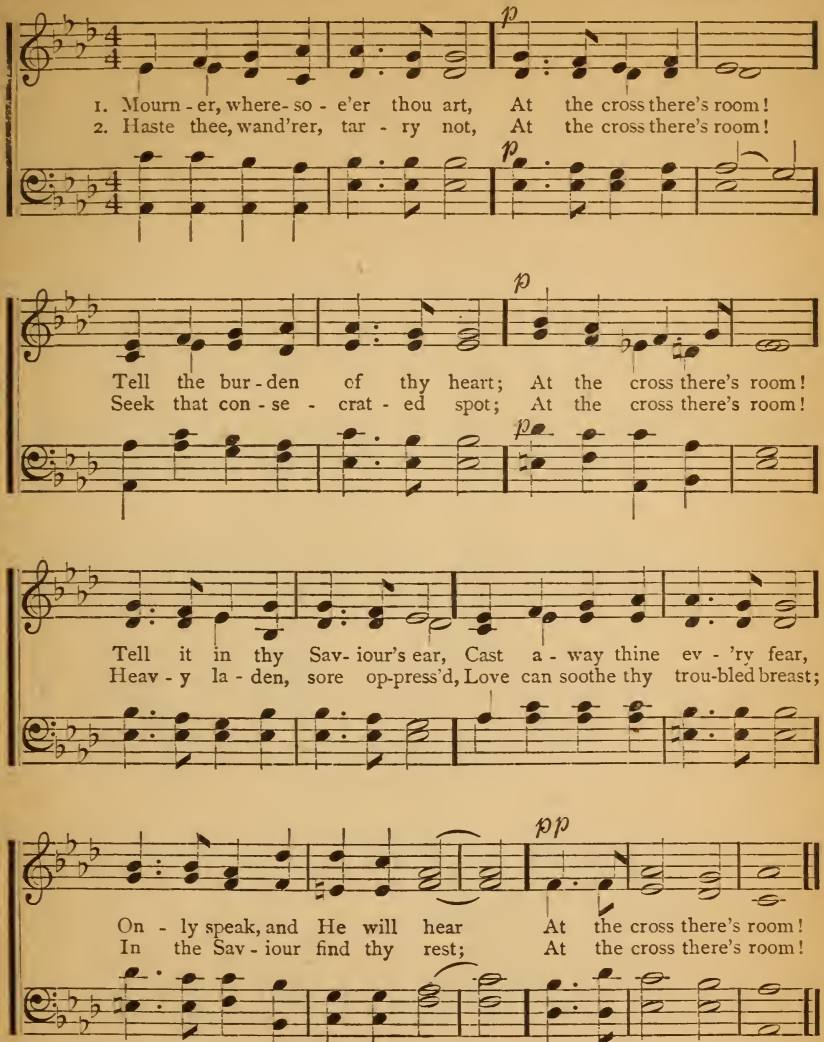
6 There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best.

7 A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

Mourner, Wheresoe'er Thou Art.

51

W. THACKWRAY.


1. Mourn - er, where- so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room!
2. Haste thee, wand'rer, tar - ry not, At the cross there's room!
Tell the bur - den of thy heart; At the cross there's room!
Seek that con - se - crat - ed spot; At the cross there's room!
Tell it in thy Sav- iour's ear, Cast a - way thine ev - 'ry fear,
Heav - y la - den, sore op-press'd, Love can soothe thy trou-bled breast;
On - ly speak, and He will hear At the cross there's room!
In the Sav - iour find thy rest; At the cross there's room!

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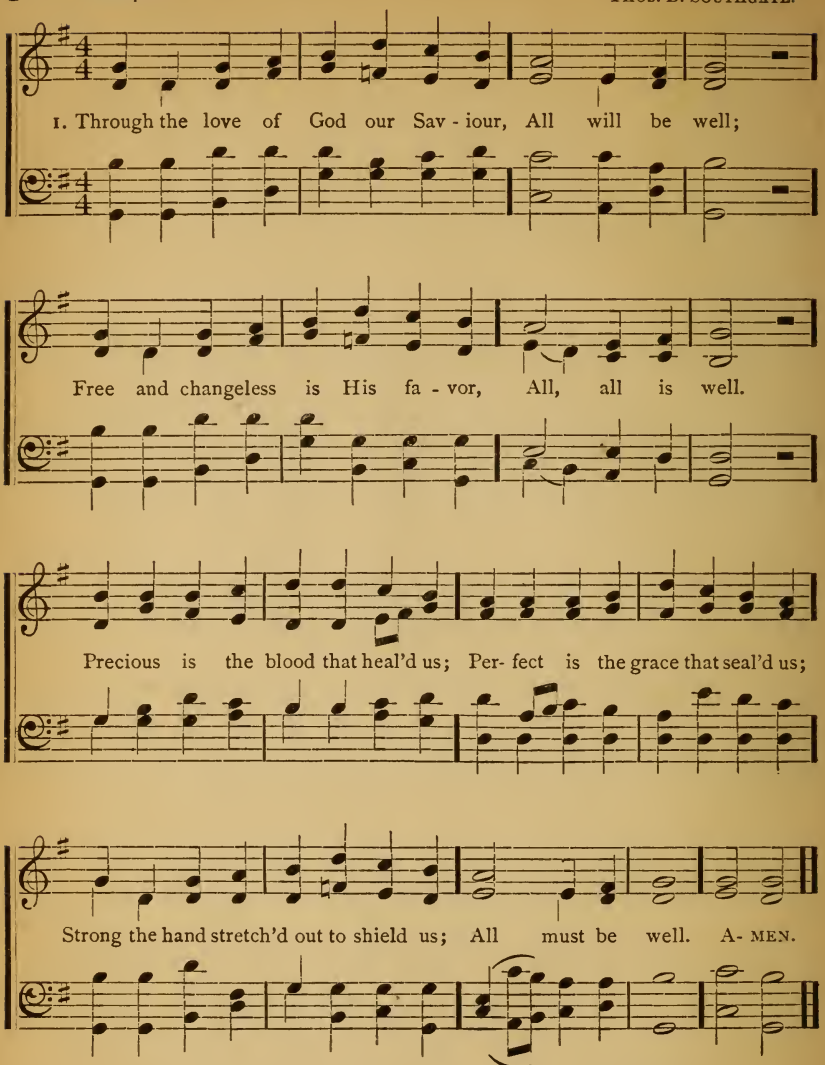
3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
At the cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
"At the cross there's room!"
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free;
At the cross there's room!

4 Blessed thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
Oh that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!

Through the Love of God our Saviour.

52 8s. & 4s. THOS. B. SOUTHGATE.


1. Through the love of God our Sav - iour, All will be well;
Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us; Per- fect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us; All must be well. A- MEN.

2.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3.

We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

O Jesus, I have Promised.

53 7s. & 6s. D. F. J. HAYDN.

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wan-der from the path- way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

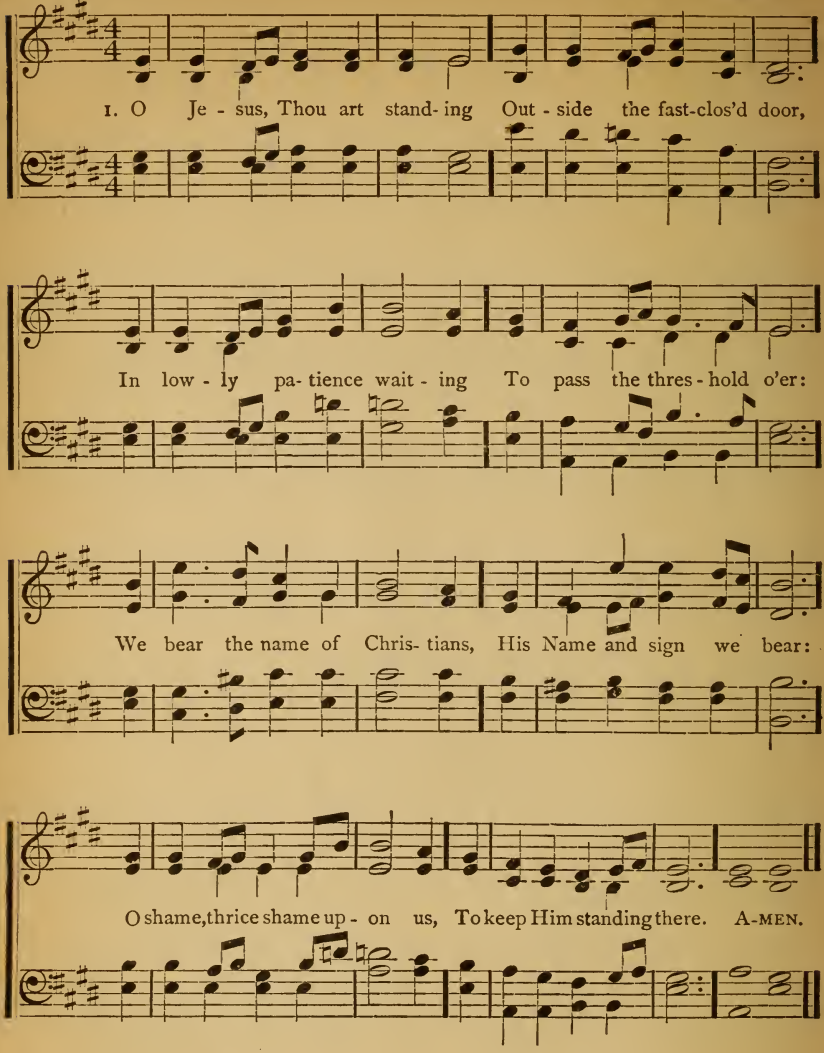
2.
Oh, let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3.
O let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion
The murmurs of self-will;
Oh! speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
Oh! speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4.
Oh! let me see Thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake:
The look that beamed on Peter,
When he Thy name denied;
The look that draws Thy lovers
Close to Thy piercèd side.

5.
Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own;
My hope to follow duly,
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

54 7s. & 6s. D. J. H. KNECHT and E. HUSBAND.


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand- ing Out - side the fast-clos'd door,
In low - ly pa- tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er:
We bear the name of Chris- tians, His Name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there. A-MEN.

2.

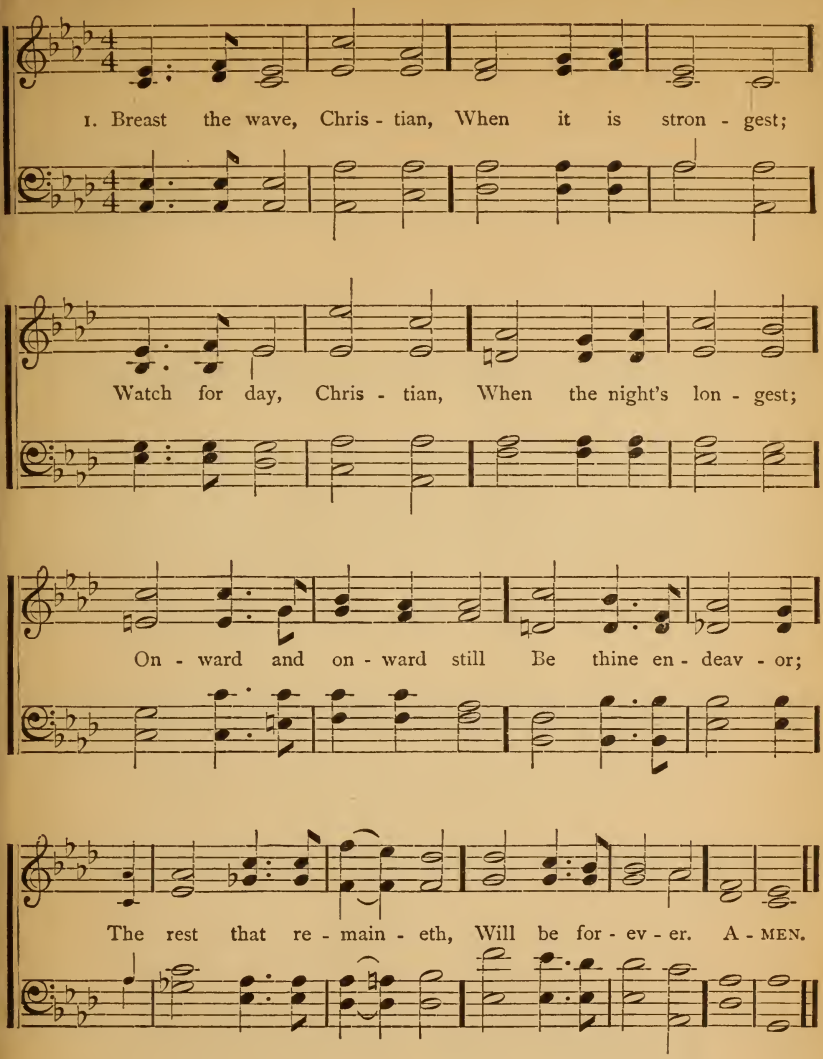
O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3.

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Breast the Wave, Christian.

55 5s. & 6s. WM. C. FILBY.


1. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is stron - gest;
Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's lon - gest;
On - ward and on - ward still Be thine en - deav - or;
The rest that re - main - eth, Will be for - ev - er. A - MEN.

2.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

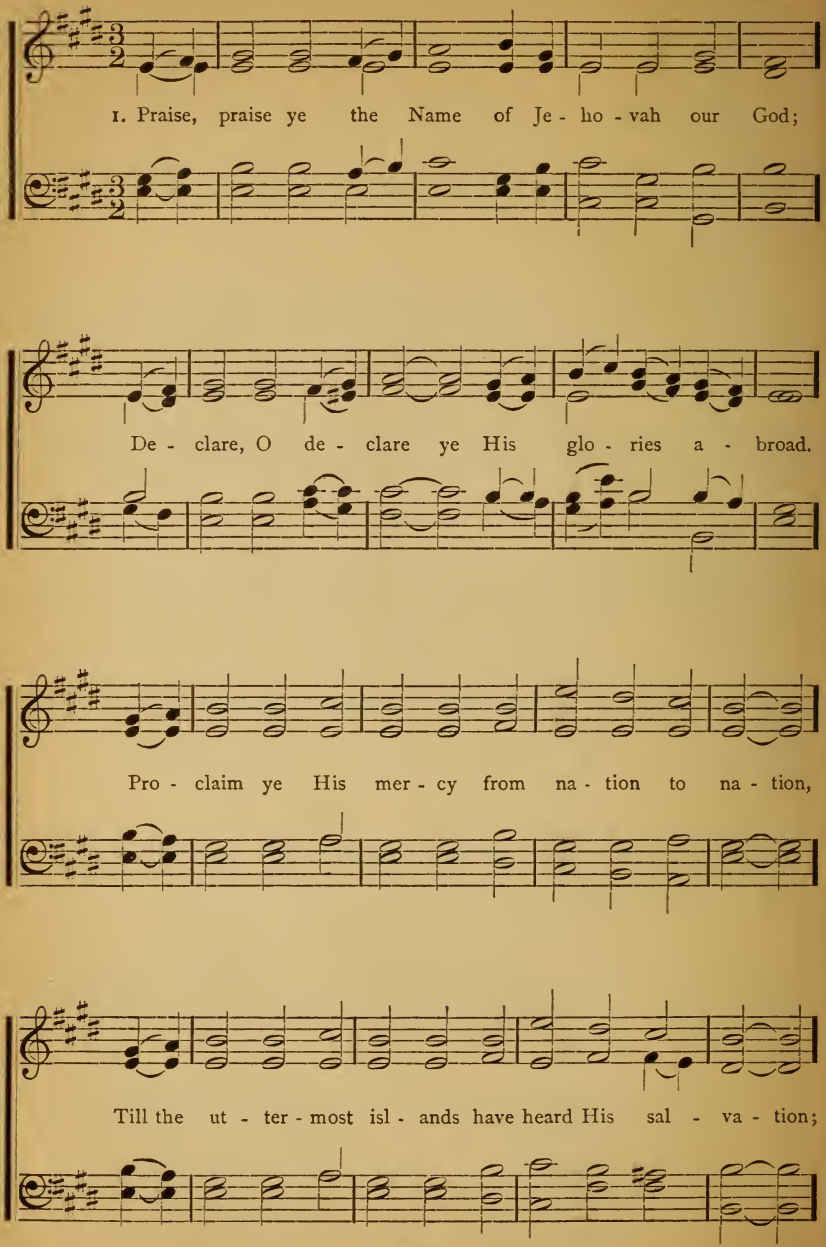
3.

Lift thine ear, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

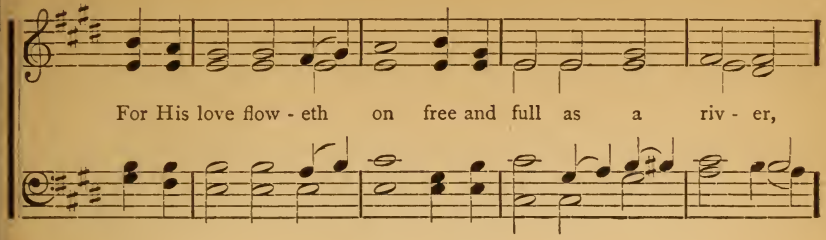
56

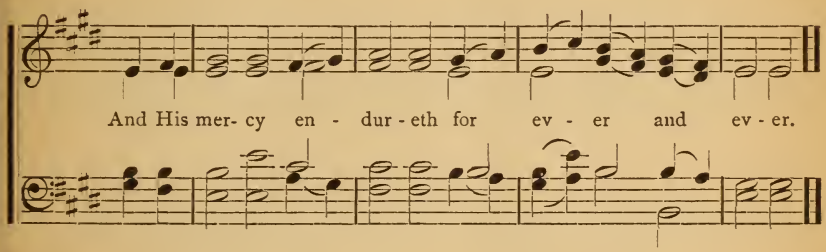
Praise ye the Name of Jehovah.

ANON.


1. Praise, praise ye the Name of Je - ho - vah our God;
De - clare, O de - clare ye His glo - ries a - broad.
Pro - claim ye His mer - cy from na - tion to na - tion,
Till the ut - ter - most isl - ands have heard His sal - va - tion;

Praise ye the Name of Jehovah.—Concluded.





2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave, and ascended again;
And who soon shall return when these dark days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power;
For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever!

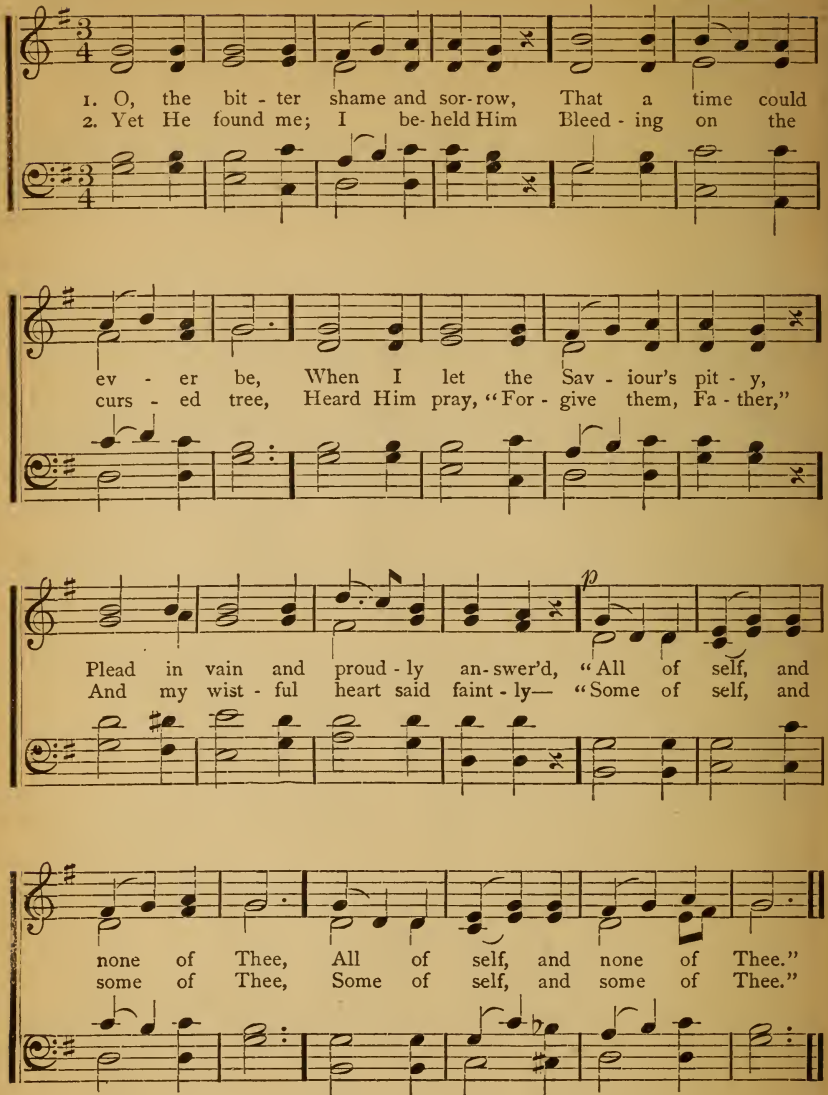
3 Then the heaven and the earth and the sea shall rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene;
For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

4 Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day,
For her King cometh down with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden again;
For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever!

O, the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

57 P. M.

L. M. FOSBERRY.


1. O, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the
ev - er be, When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y,
curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther,"
Plead in vain and proud - ly an - swer'd, "All of self, and
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly— "Some of self, and
none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee."
some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee."

3.

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4.

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my spirit's longing,—
"None of self, and all of Thee."

58 Souls of Men, why Will ye Scatter?

8s. & 7s. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Souls of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
2. It is God! His love looks might-y, But is might - ier than it seems:
'Tis our Fa - ther, and His fond - ness Goes far out beyond our dreams.
Was there ev - er kind - est shep-herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet
There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
rall.
As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

Copyrighted, 1861, in "Golden Chain," by WM. B. BRADBURY.

3.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5.

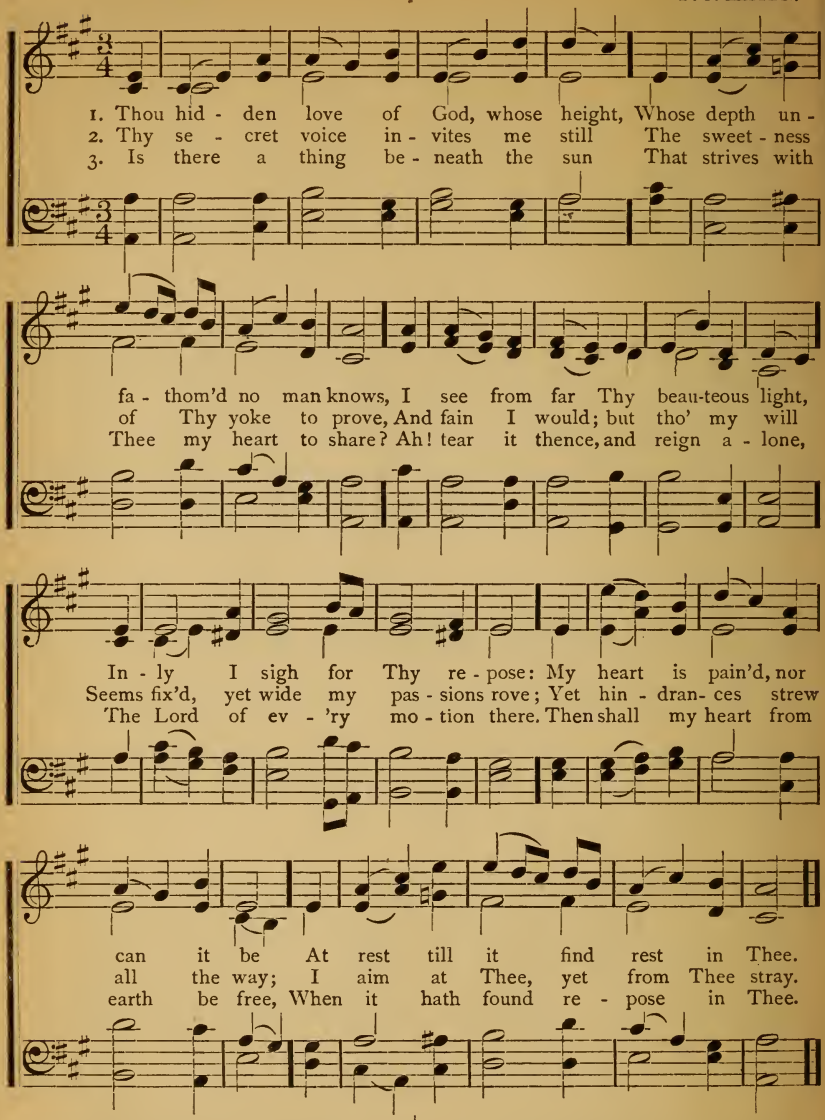
But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

6.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Thou hidden Love of God.

59 L. M. 6 lines. F. J. HAYDN.


1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un -
2. Thy se - cret voice in - vites me still The sweet - ness
3. Is there a thing be - neath the sun That strives with
fa - thom'd no man knows, I see from far Thy beau-teous light,
of Thy yoke to prove, And fain I would; but tho' my will
Thee my heart to share? Ah! tear it thence, and reign a - lone,
In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pain'd, nor
Seems fix'd, yet wide my pas - sions rove; Yet hin - dran- ces strew
The Lord of ev - 'ry mo - tion there. Then shall my heart from
can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee.
all the way; I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
earth be free, When it hath found re - pose in Thee.

4.

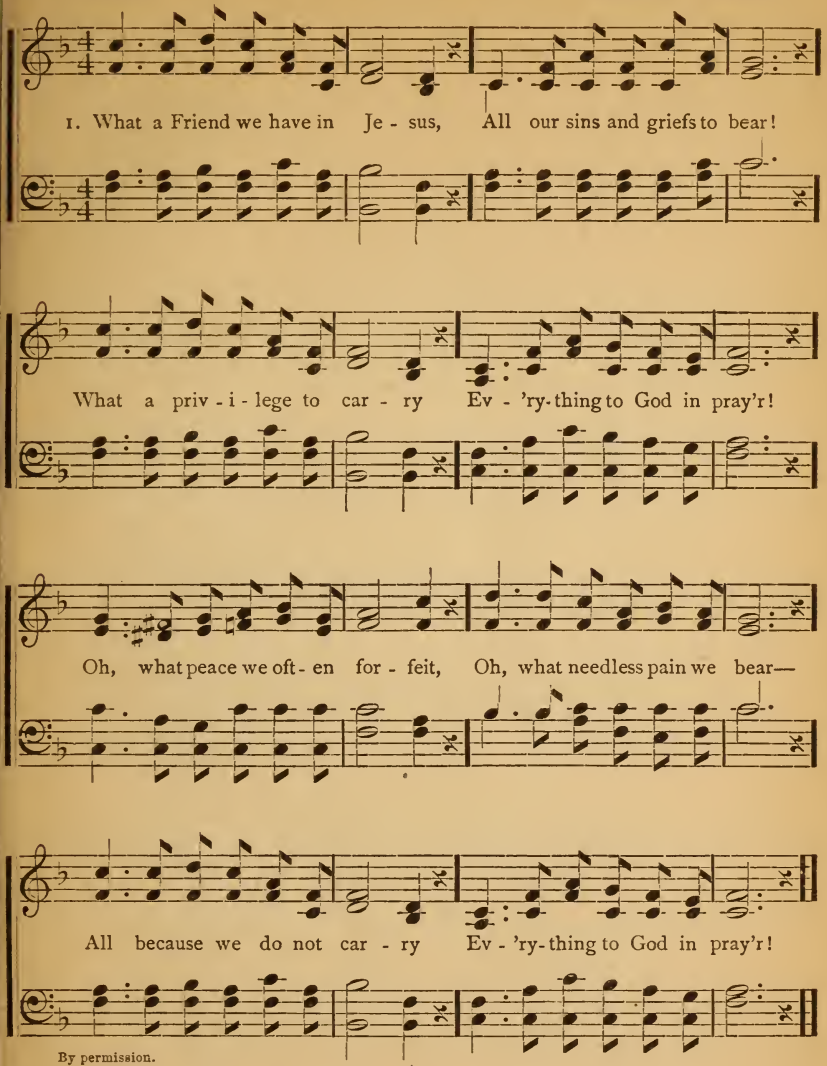
O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

5.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

60 8 s. & 7 s. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!

By permission.

2.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3.

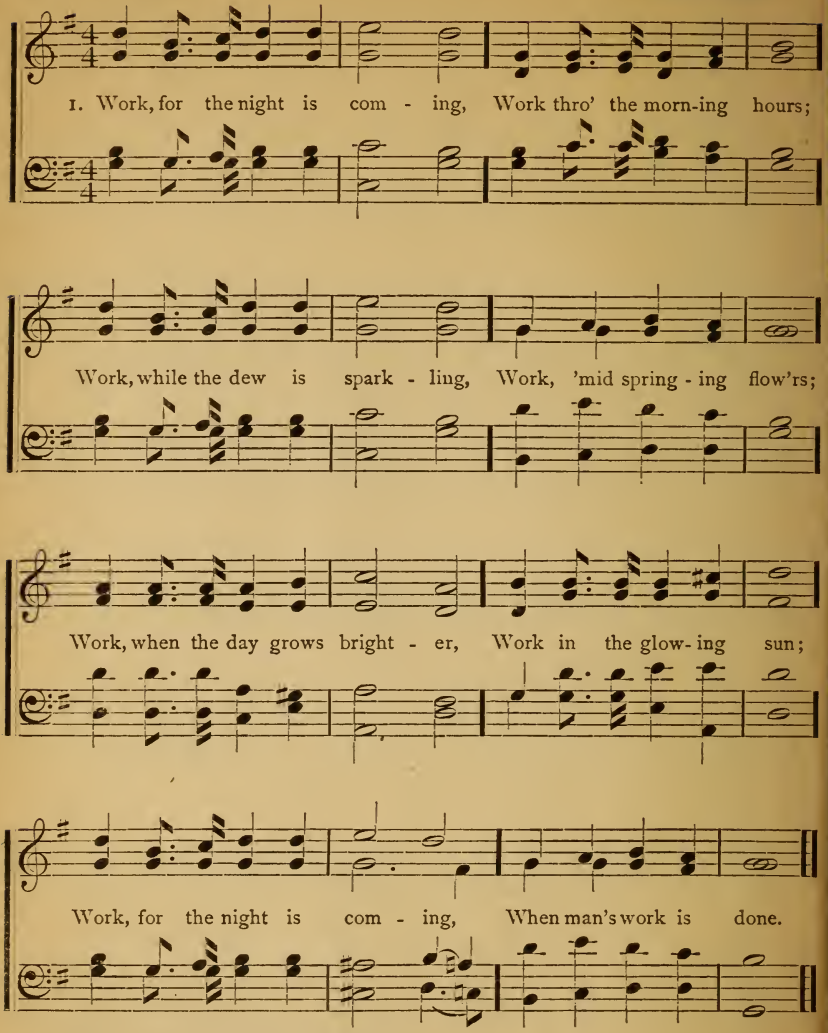
Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Rest on Him thy spirit's burden,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

61

7s. 6s. & 5s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work, 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

Copyright. Used by permission, O. DITSON & CO.

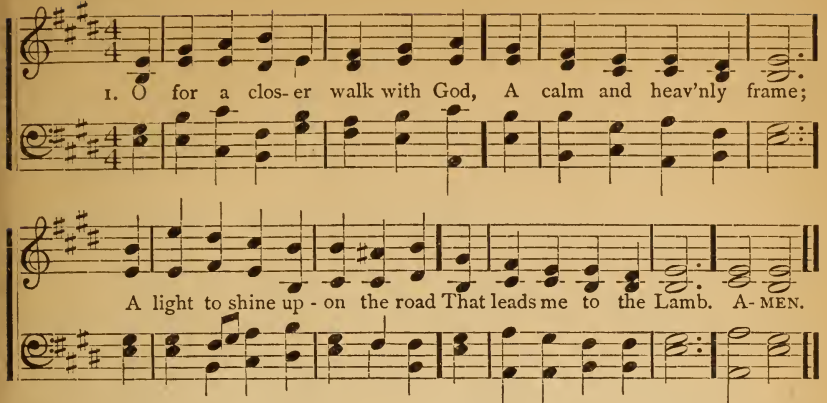
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

O for a Closer walk with God.

62 C. M.

ANDRO HART'S Psalter. 1615.



2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sin that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

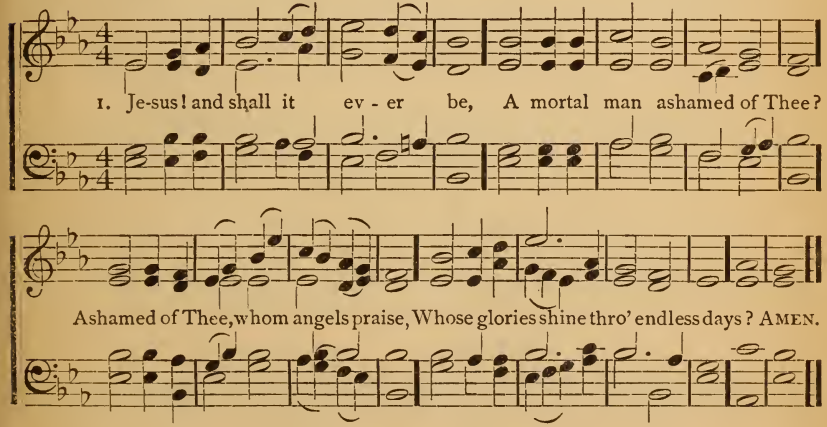
3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Jesus! and Shall it ever Be.

63 L. M.

JOHN HATTON.


1. Je-sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? AMEN.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

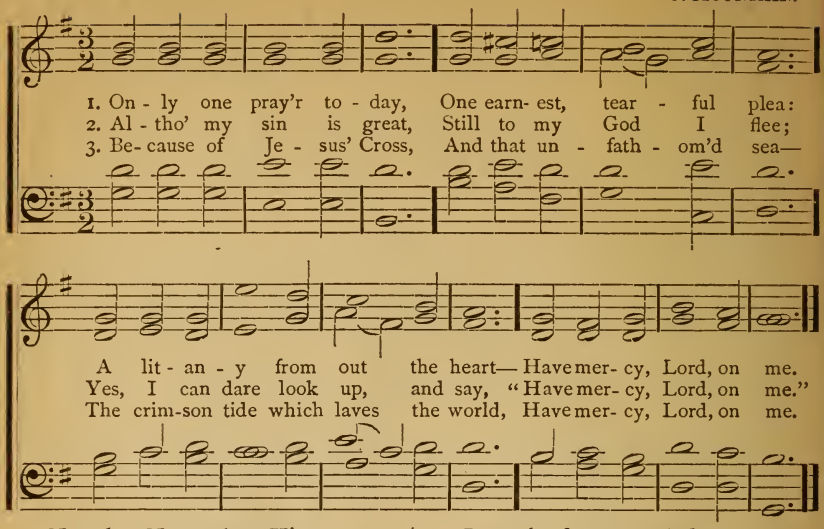
3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

64 Only one Prayer To-day.

S. M. J. MOUNTAIN.


1. On - ly one pray'r to - day, One earn- est, tear - ful plea:
2. Al - tho' my sin is great, Still to my God I flee;
3. Be- cause of Je - sus' Cross, And that un - fath - om'd sea—
A lit- an - y from out the heart— Have mer- cy, Lord, on me.
Yes, I can dare look up, and say, "Have mer- cy, Lord, on me."
The crim-son tide which laves the world, Have mer- cy, Lord, on me.

4 No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be:
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

5 In garb of sorrow clad
I crave Thy pardon free;
In life to die, in death to live-
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

65 Yet there is Room.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de- clin - ing, and the sun is low: The shad- ows length-en,
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast, Pass in, pass in, and
Refrain.
beckons thee a-long. Room, room, still room, Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!
light makes haste to go.
be the Bridegroom's guest.
Verse 9.—"No room, no room!" Oh, woe - ful cry, "No room!"

Yet there is Room.—Concluded.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too full for thee.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 All heaven is there; all joy! Go in, go in,
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

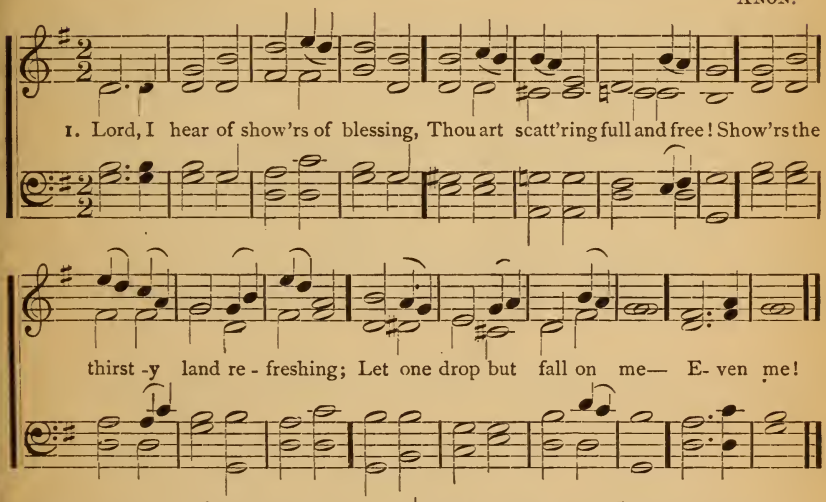
8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall

Softer and Slower.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry, "No room, no room!"

66 Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing.

ANON.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free! Show'rs the
thirst-y land re-freshing; Let one drop but fall on me— E-ven me!

2.
Pass me not! O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
Let Thy Mercy light on me—
Even me!

3.
Pass me not! O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me!

4.
Pass me not! O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me!

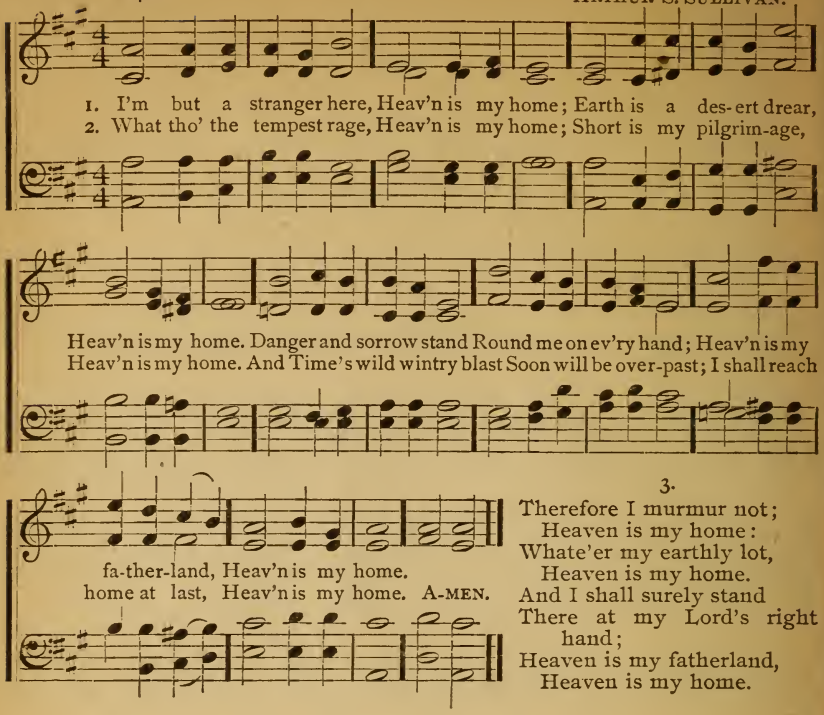
5.
Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—
Even me!

6.
Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of God—so rich and free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me!

7.
Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—
Even me!

I'm but a Stranger Here.

67 6s. & 4s. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

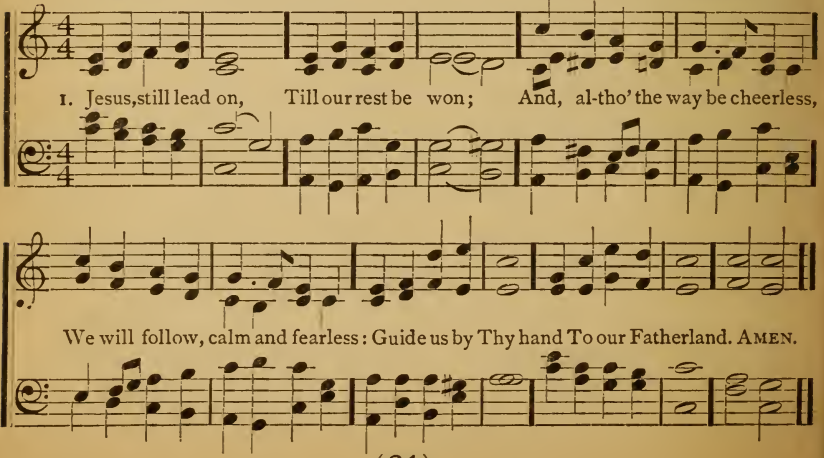

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrim-age,
Heav'n is my home. Danger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my
Heav'n is my home. And Time's wild wintry blast Soon will be over-past; I shall reach
fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
home at last, Heav'n is my home. A-MEN.

3.

Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Jesus, still Lead On.

68 5s. & 8s. Rev. by C. J. VINCENT, Jr.


1. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, al-tho' the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless: Guide us by Thy hand To our Fatherland. AMEN.

Jesus, still Lead On.—Concluded.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go

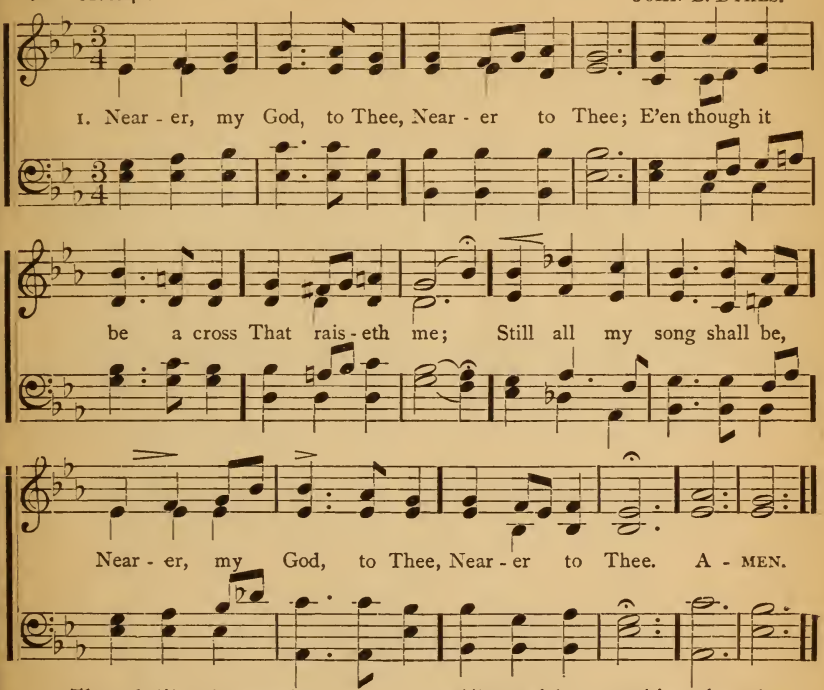
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

69 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

6s. & 4s.

JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

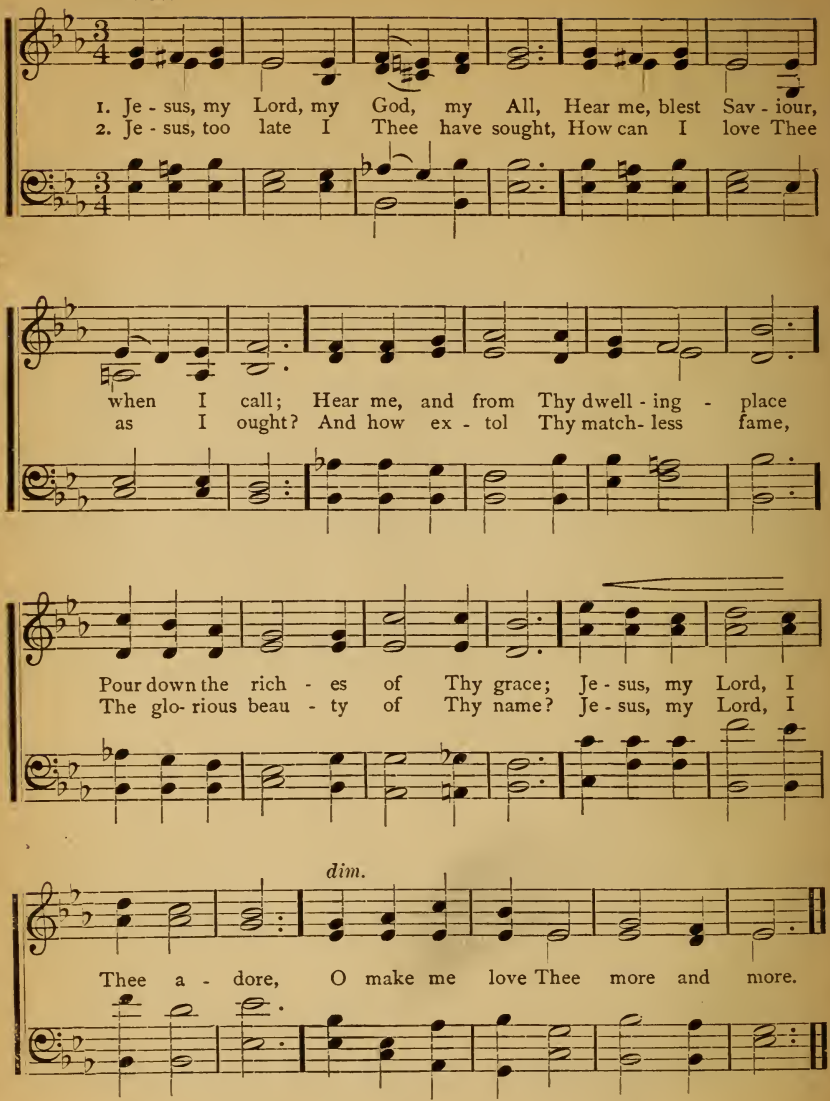
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And, when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Jesus, my Lord.

6 lines 8s.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought, How can I love Thee
when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place
as I ought? And how ex - tol Thy match - less fame,
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace; Je - sus, my Lord, I
The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name? Je - sus, my Lord, I
dim.
Thee a - dore, O make me love Thee more and more.

3.

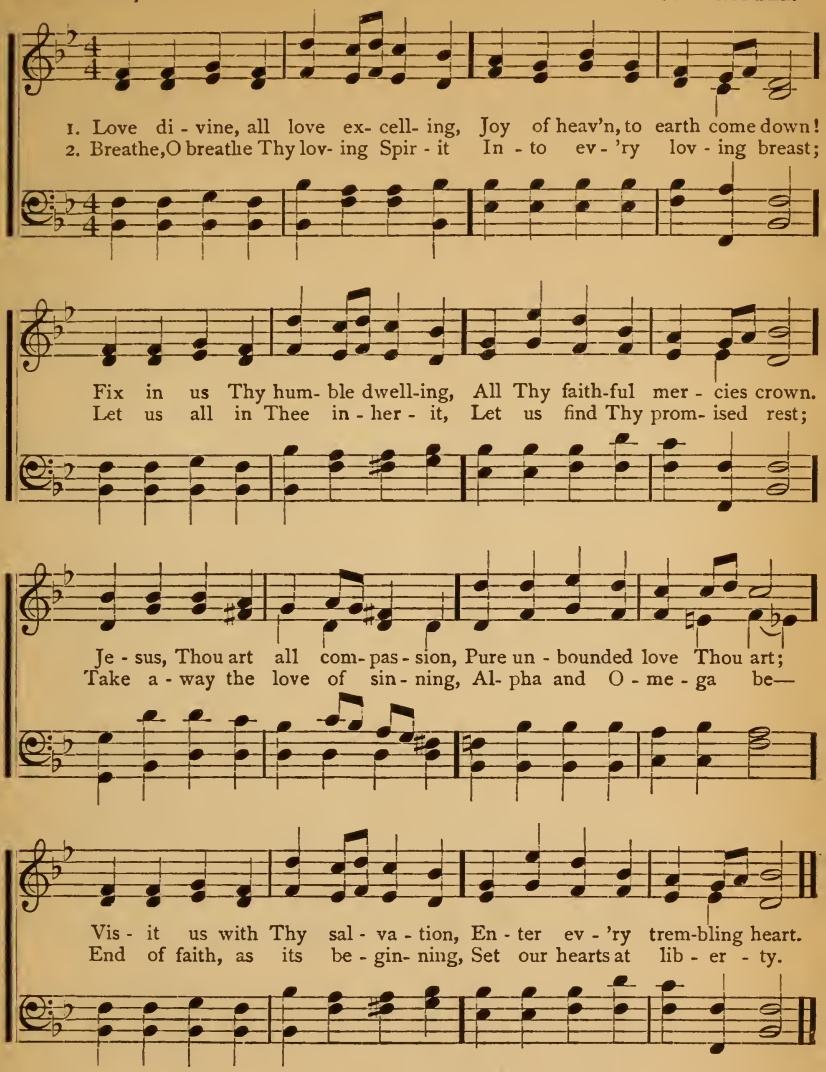
Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

4.

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Love Divine, all Love excelling.

71 8s. & 7s. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex- cell- ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov- ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry lov - ing breast;
Fix in us Thy hum- ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom- ised rest;
Je - sus, Thou art all com- pas - sion, Pure un - bounded love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al- pha and O - me - ga be—
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin- ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

3.

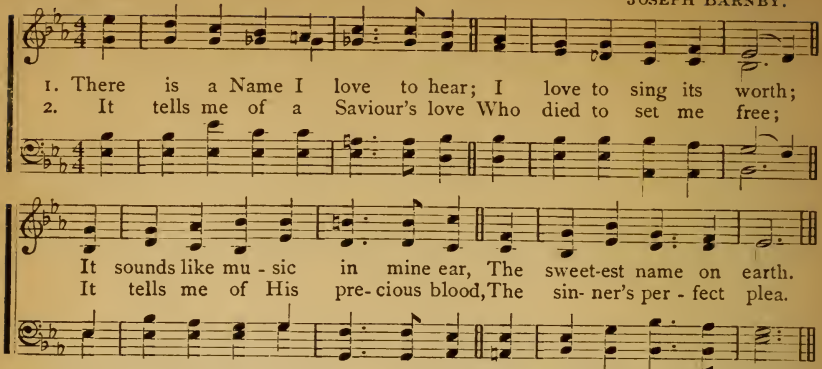
Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

72 There is a Name I love to Hear.

C. M. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. There is a Name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love Who died to set me free;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre- cious blood, The sin- ner's per - fect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.

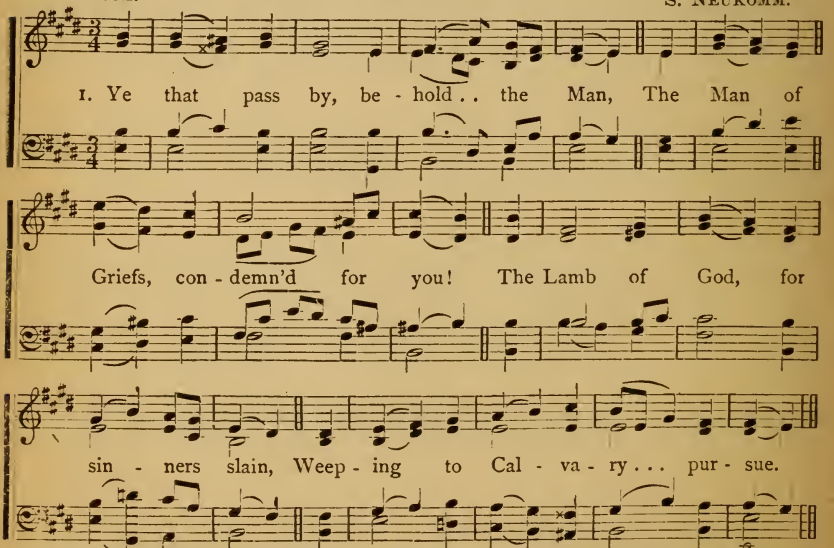
4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

6 And there with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

73 Ye that pass by.

L. M. S. NEUKOMM.


1. Ye that pass by, be - hold . . the Man, The Man of
Griefs, con - demn'd for you! The Lamb of God, for
sin - ners slain, Weep - ing to Cal - va - ry . . . pur - sue.

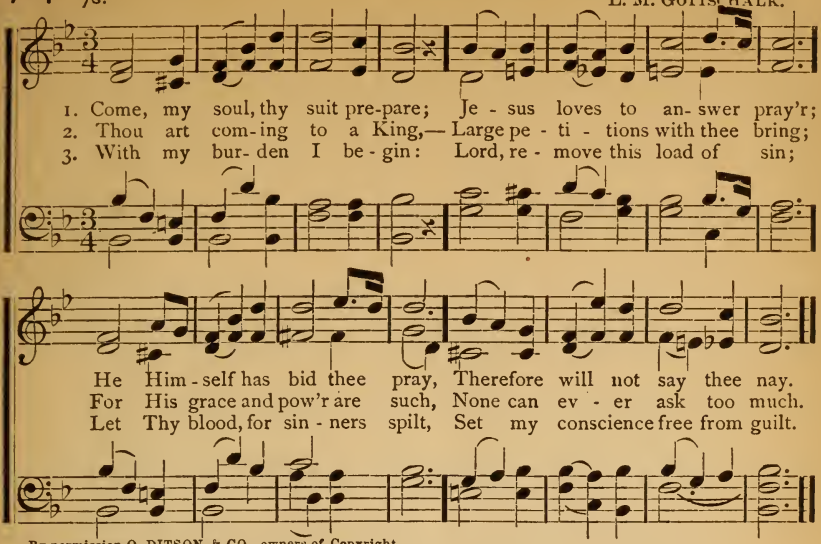
2 See there His temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side!

3 Where is the King of Glory now!—
The everlasting Son of God?
Th' Immortal hangs His languid brow;
Th' Almighty faints beneath His load.

4 Beneath *my* load He faints and dies:
I filled His soul with pangs unknown,
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
I killed the Father's only Son.

74 Come, my Soul, thy Suit Prepare.

7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je - sus loves to an- swer pray'r;
2. Thou art com-ing to a King,— Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring;
3. With my bur- den I be - gin: Lord, re - move this load of sin;
He Him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
For His grace and pow'r are such, None can ev - er ask too much.
Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

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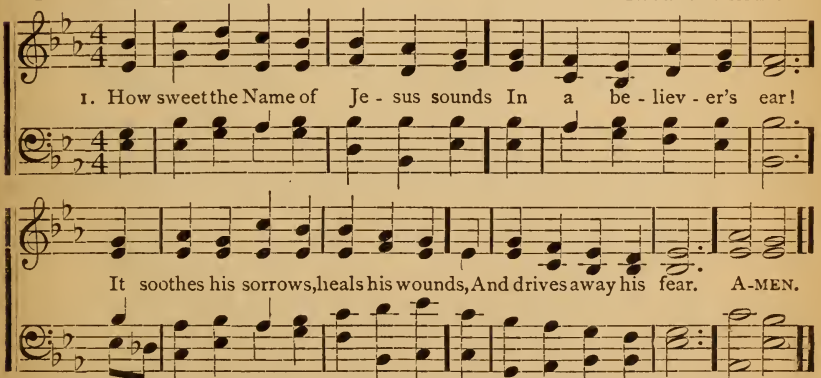
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

75 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.

C. M. A. R. REINAGLE.


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. A-MEN.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

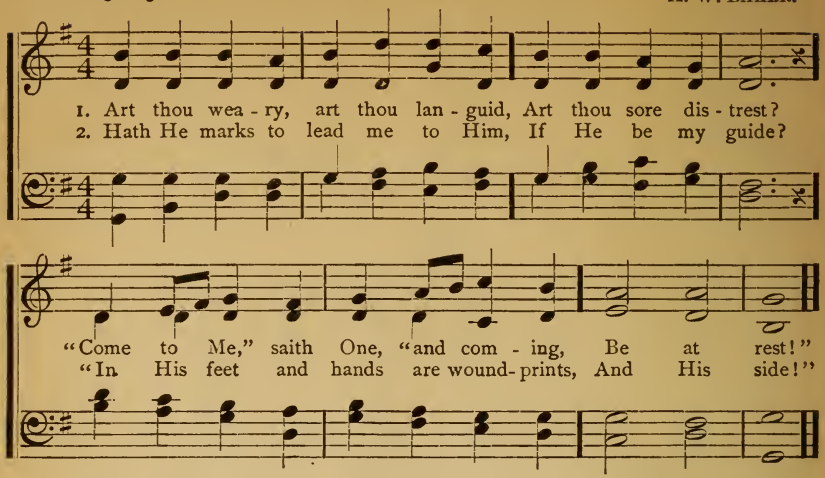
4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

76 Art thou Weary, art thou Languid?

8. 5. 8. 3.

H. W. BAKER.


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side!"

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

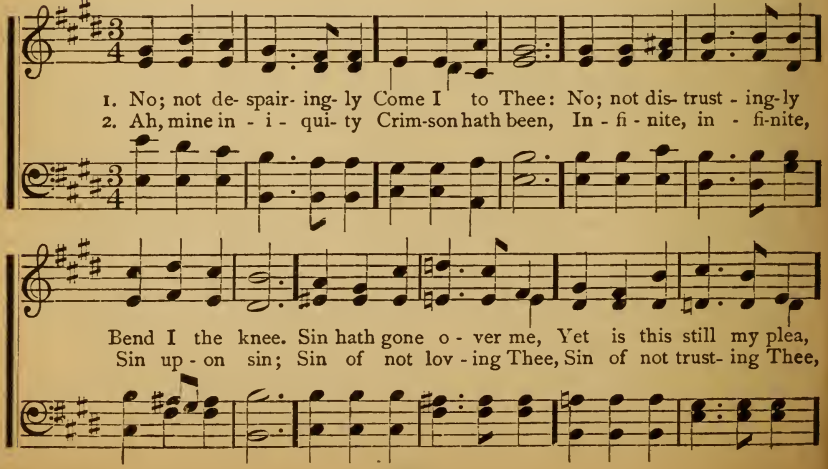
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

6 Finding, following, serving, trusting,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Marytrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

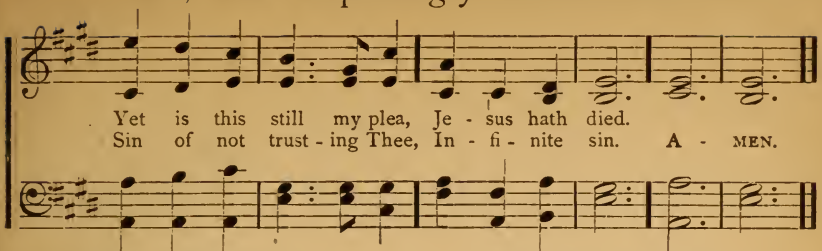
77 No; not Despairingly.

6s. & 4s.

WM. R. BRAINE.


1. No; not de- spair- ing- ly Come I to Thee: No; not dis- trust - ing-ly
2. Ah, mine in - i - qui- ty Crim-son hath been, In - fi - nite, in - fi-nite,
Bend I the knee. Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea,
Sin up - on sin; Sin of not lov - ing Thee, Sin of not trust- ing Thee,

No; not Despairingly.—Concluded.



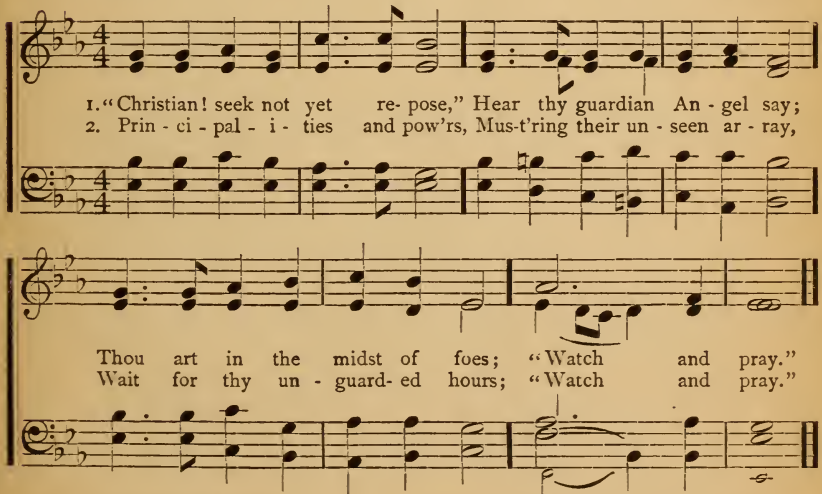
3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am, tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving an kind art Thou,
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within:
Thus shall I walk with Thee
The loved unseen.
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

78 Christian! Seek not yet Repose.

7s. & 3. WM. H. MONK.


1. "Christian! seek not yet re- pose," Hear thy guardian An - gel say;
2. Prin - ci - pal - i - ties and pow'rs, Mus-t'ring their un - seen ar - ray,
Thou art in the midst of foes; "Watch and pray."
Wait for thy un - guard- ed hours; "Watch and pray."

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

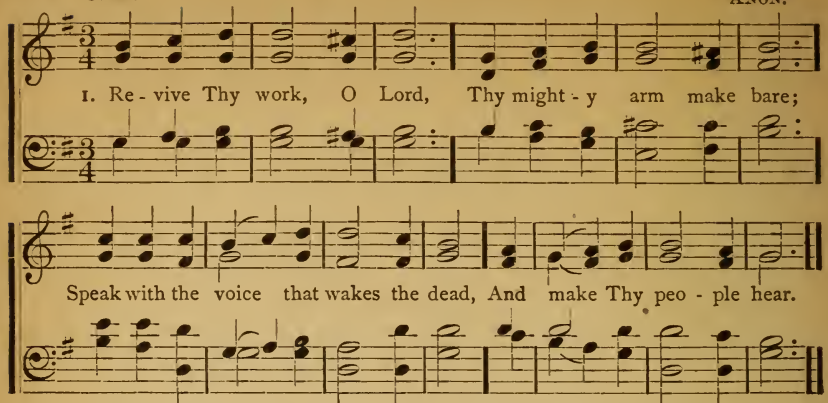
4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray."

79 Revive Thy Work, O Lord.

S. M. ANON.



2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

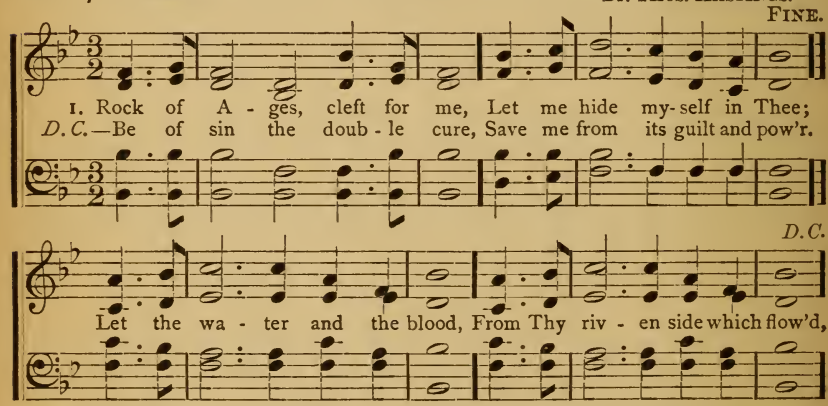
3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

80 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

7s. 6 lines. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

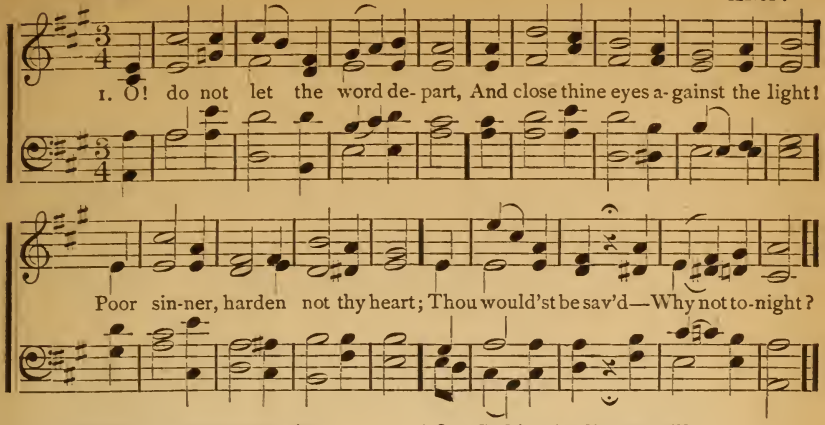
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

81 O! do not let the Word Depart.

L. M. ANON.


1. O! do not let the word de- part, And close thine eyes a- gainst the light!
Poor sin-ner, harden not thy heart; Thou would'st be sav'd—Why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun?
Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*

82 O, for a Heart to Praise my God.

C. M. J. WALCH.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;—

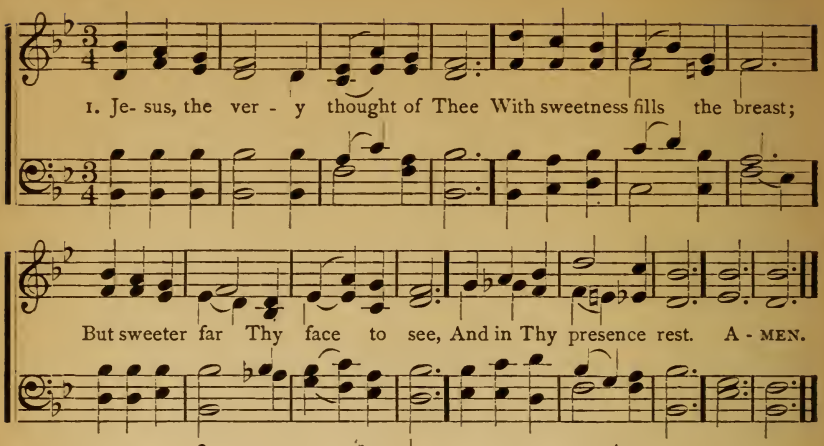
3 A humble, holy, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine;—

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.

83 Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

C.M. PIGOU.


1. Je- sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest. A - MEN.

2.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4.

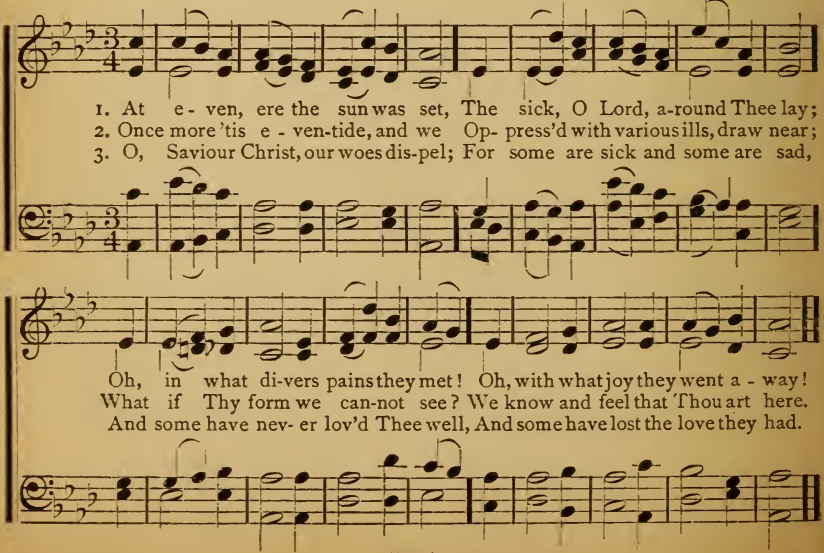
But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The Love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5.

Jesus our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

84 At even, ere the Sun was Set.

L.M. TIMOTHY B. MASON, 1840, Alt.


1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis e - ven-tide, and we Op- press'd with various ills, draw near;
3. O, Saviour Christ, our woes dis-pel; For some are sick and some are sad,
Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way!
What if Thy form we can-not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
And some have nev- er lov'd Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

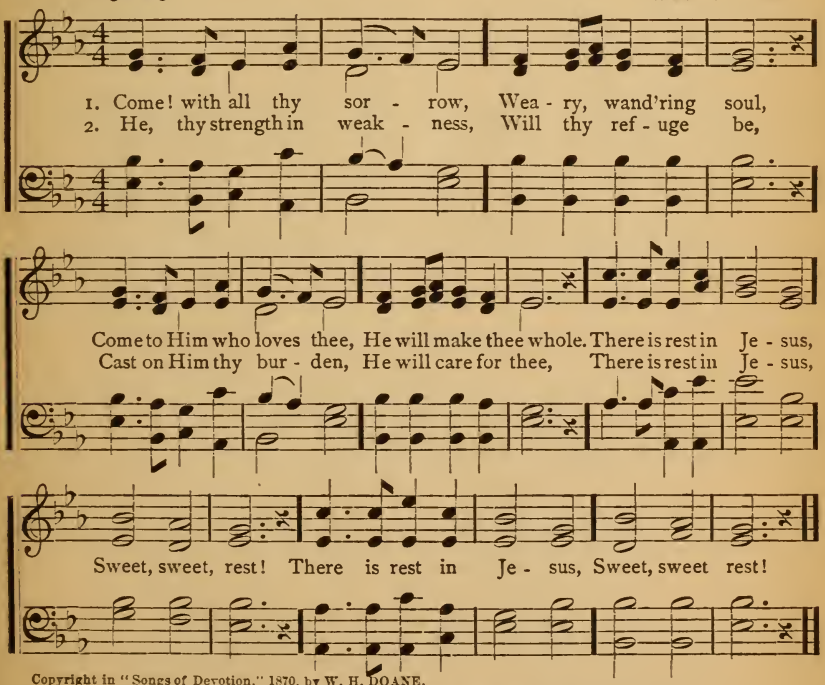
5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O, Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

85 Come! with all thy Sorrow.

6s. 5s. & 3. WM. H. DOANE.


1. Come! with all thy sor - row, Wea - ry, wand'ring soul,
2. He, thy strength in weak - ness, Will thy ref - uge be,
Come to Him who loves thee, He will make thee whole. There is rest in Je - sus,
Cast on Him thy bur - den, He will care for thee, There is rest in Je - sus,
Sweet, sweet, rest! There is rest in Je - sus, Sweet, sweet rest!

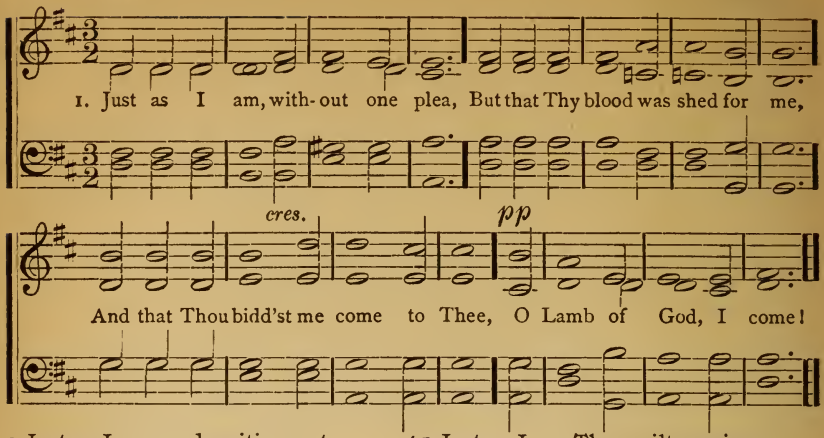
Copyright in "Songs of Devotion," 1870, by W. H. DOANE.

3 Come, in faith believing,
To His will resigned,
Ask and He will give thee,
Seek and ye shall find.
There is rest in Jesus,
Sweet, sweet rest!

4 See the door of mercy!
Would'st thou enter there?
Knock and He will open,
Lo! the key is prayer.
There is rest in Jesus,
Sweet, sweet rest!

86 Just as I am.

L. M. T. R. MATTHEWS.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
cres.
pp
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

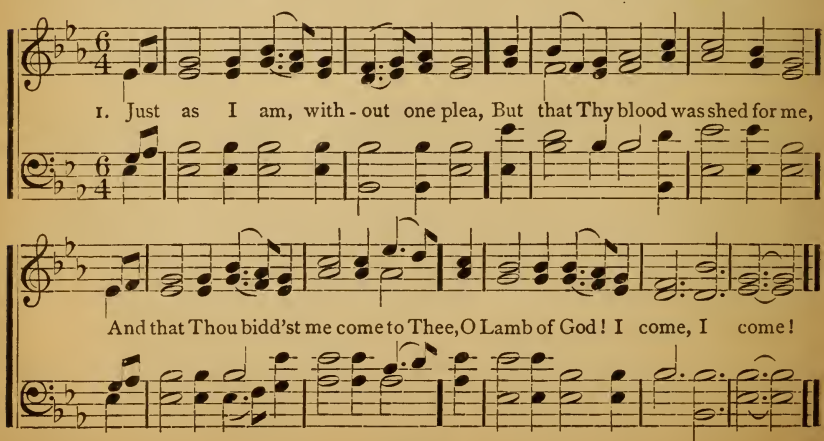
5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

86 Just as I am.

L. M. *Second Tune.* WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

87 Weary of Earth, and Laden with my Sin.

10s. THOMAS HEWLETT.

1. Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look to
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure
3. The while I fain would tread the heav'n-ly way, E - vil is
Heav'n, and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may
glo - ry of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the white-ness of that
ev - er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra- cious
find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
throne ap - pear? Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
tid - ings fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer;
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

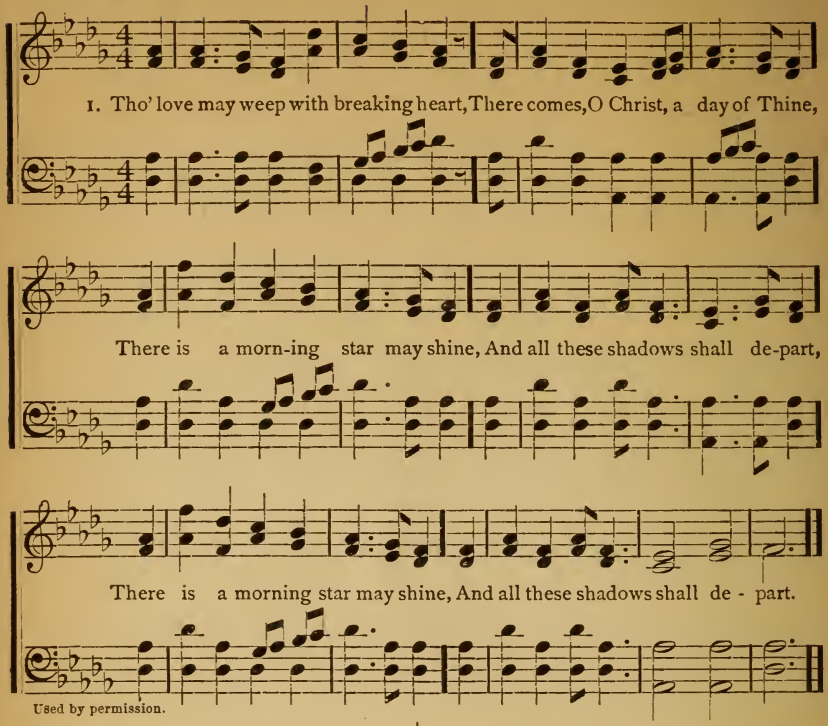
7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart, what it can, bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,—
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

88 Though Love may Weep.

P. M.

HORATIO C. KING.


1. Tho' love may weep with breaking heart, There comes, O Christ, a day of Thine,
There is a morn-ing star may shine, And all these shadows shall de-part,
There is a morning star may shine, And all these shadows shall de - part.

Used by permission.

2.

Tho' faith may droop and tremble here,
That day of light shall surely come—
His path hath led him safely home,
When twilight breaks the dawn is near.

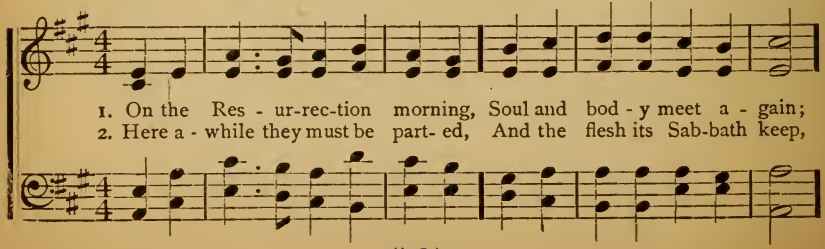
3.

Tho' hope seem to have hoped in vain,
And Death seem King of all below;
There yet shall come the morning glow,
And wake our slumb'rers once again.

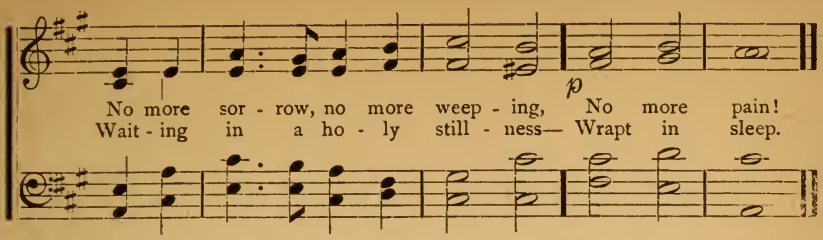
89 On the Resurrection Morning.

8. 7. 8. 3.

C. E. WILLING.



On the Resurrection Morning.—Concluded.



3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn,
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4 But thy soul in contemplation,
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

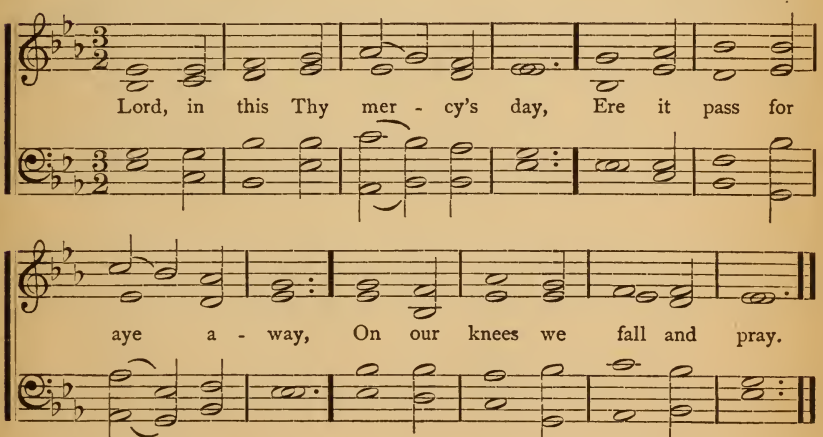
6 Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day!
Which shall not, thro' endless ages,
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore:
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To Thy Cross, thro' death and judgment.
Holding fast.

90 Lord, in this Thy mercy's Day.

7s. WM. H. MONK.



2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

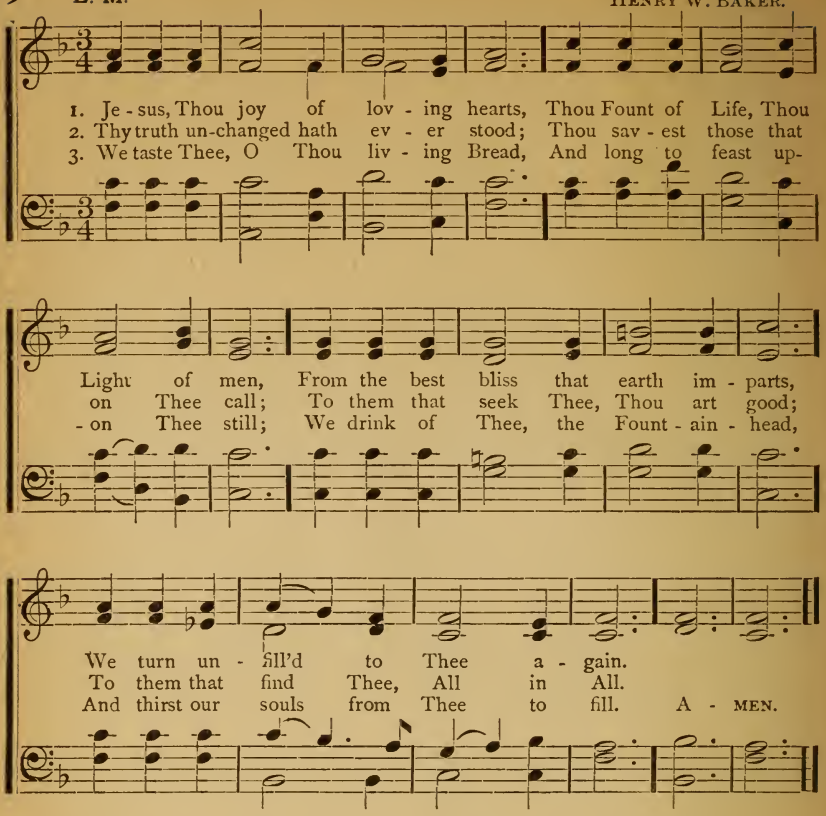
5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego,

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere our eyes behold Thy face.

Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

91 L. M.

HENRY W. BAKER.


1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of Life, Thou
2. Thy truth un-changed hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up-
Light of men, From the best bliss that earth im - parts,
on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art good;
- on Thee still; We drink of Thee, the Fount - ain - head,
We turn un - fill'd to Thee a - gain.
To them that find Thee, All in All.
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill. A - MEN.

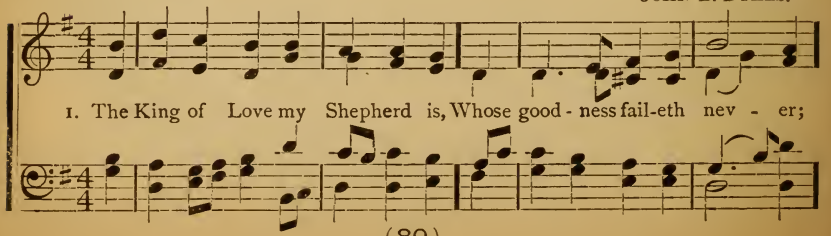
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

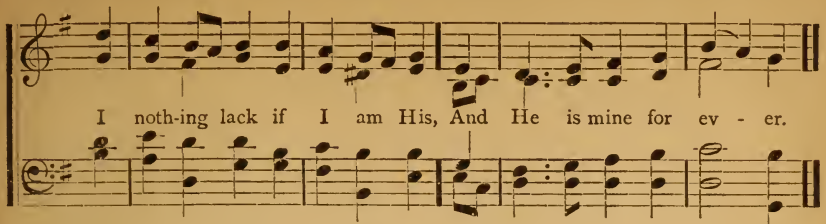
The King of Love my Shepherd is.

92 8s. & 7s. Pec.

JOHN B. DYKES.



The King of Love my Shepherd is.—Concluded.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet in love He sought me,
And on His Shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a Table in my sight,
Thy Unction, grace bestoweth,
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

93 O Most Merciful.

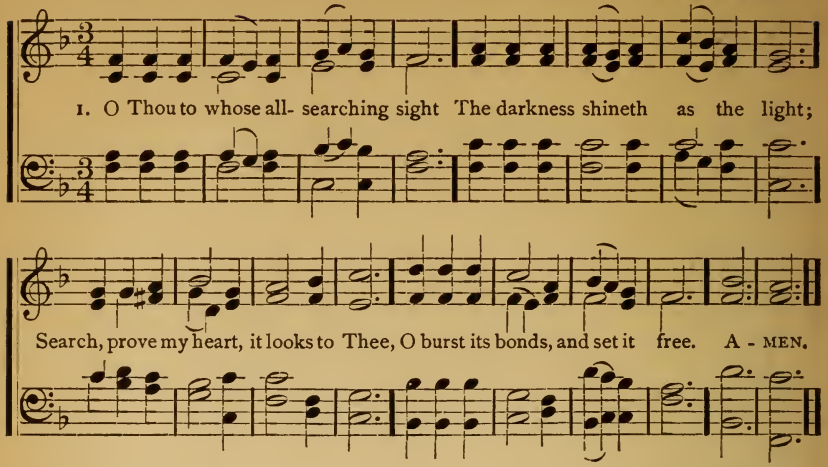
W. H. AITKEN.

Slow with expression.
O most mer - ci - ful, O most boun - ti - ful, God the
cres.
pp
Fa - ther Al - might - y, By the Re - deem - er's Sweet in - ter-
- ces - sion Hear us, help us when we cry. A - MEN.

O Thou to Whose All-searching Sight.

94 L.M.

PETER RITTER. Arr. by W. H. MONK.


1. O Thou to whose all- searching sight The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it looks to Thee, O burst its bonds, and set it free. A - MEN.

2.

Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart,

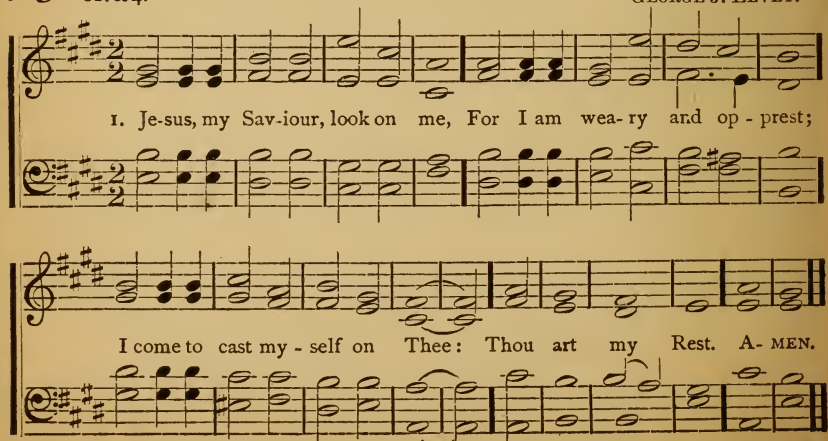
5.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill. AMEN.

Jesus, my Saviour, Look on Me.

95 8s. & 4.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.



Jesus, my Saviour, Look on Me.—Concluded.

2.
Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

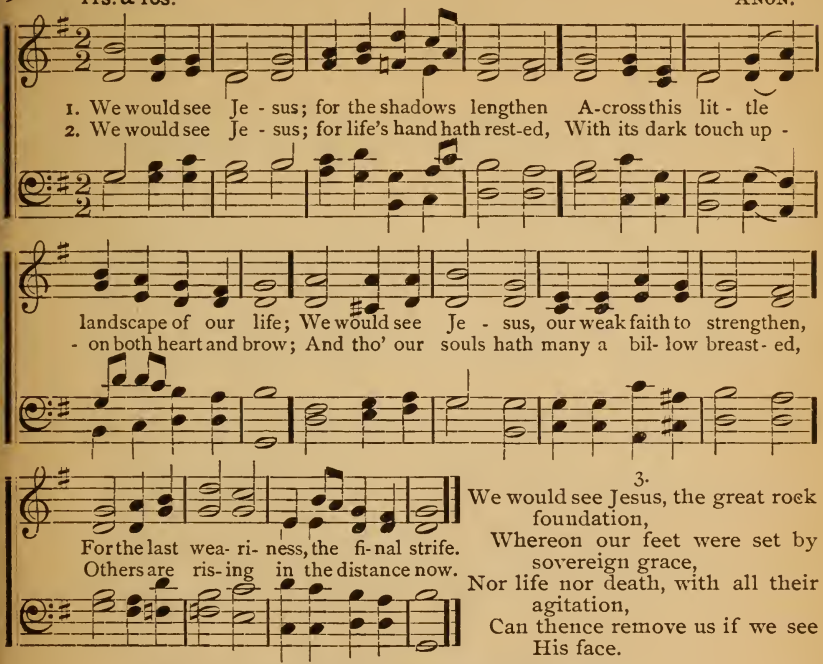
3.
I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4.
When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5.
Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life. AMEN.

96 We would see Jesus.

11s. & 10s. ANON.


1. We would see Je - sus; for the shadows lengthen A-cross this lit - tle
2. We would see Je - sus; for life's hand hath rest-ed, With its dark touch up -
landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen,
- on both heart and brow; And tho' our souls hath many a bil- low breast - ed,
For the last wea- ri- ness, the fi- nal strife.
Others are ris- ing in the distance now.

3.
We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace,
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

4 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

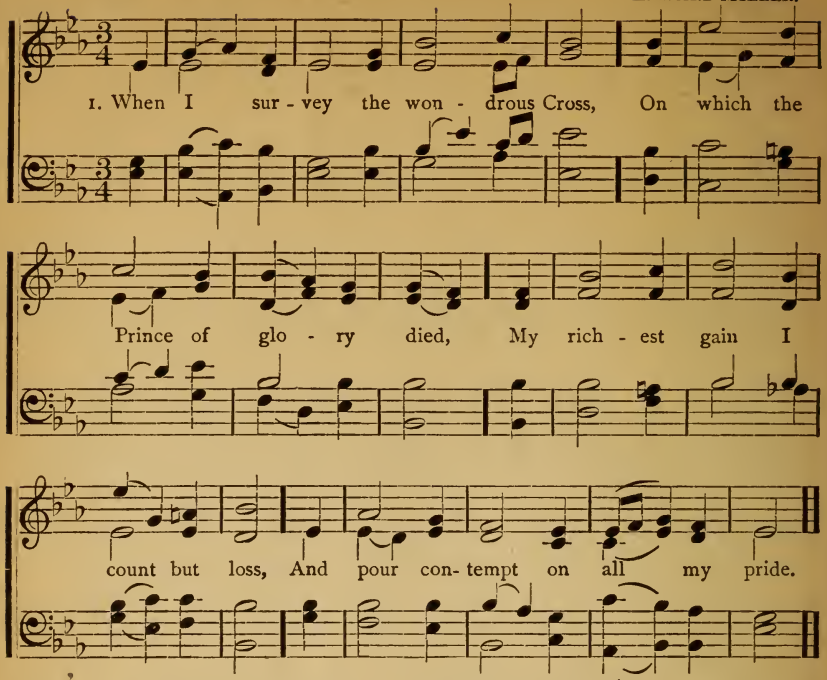
5 We would see Jesus: yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

6 We would see Jesus: sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding,
What Thou hast suffer'd our great debt to pay.

7 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

97 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

L. M. EDWARD MILLER.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross, On which the
Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
count but loss, And pour con- tempt on all my pride.

2.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.

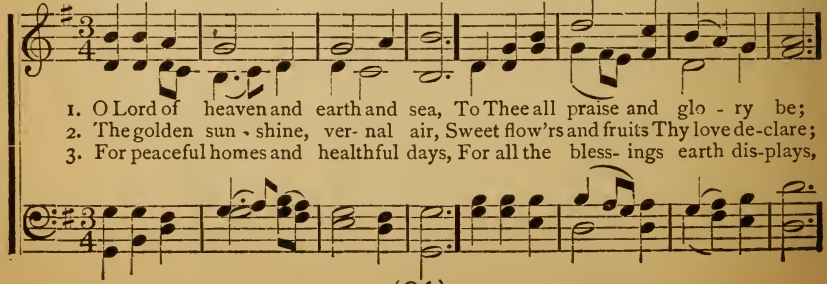
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

5.

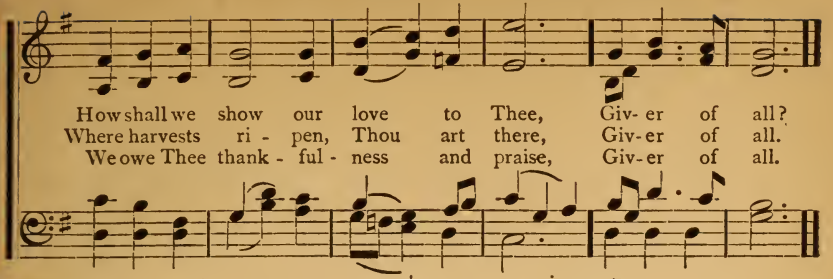
To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore.

98 O Lord of Heaven.

8s. & 4. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. O Lord of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
2. The golden sun - shine, ver- nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy love de-clare;
3. For peaceful homes and healthful days, For all the bless- ings earth dis-plays,

O Lord of Heaven.—Concluded.


How shall we show our love to Thee, Giv- er of all?
Where harvests ri - pen, Thou art there, Giv- er of all.
We owe Thee thank - ful - ness and praise, Giv- er of all.

4.
Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5.
Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6.
For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

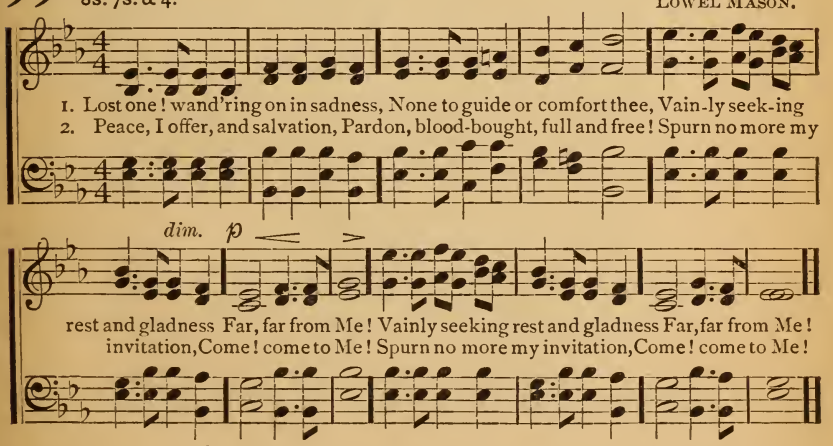
7.
We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8.
Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all.

9.
To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all.

99 Lost One! Wandering on in Sadness.

8s. 7s. & 4. LOWEL MASON.


1. Lost one! wand'ring on in sadness, None to guide or comfort thee, Vain-ly seek-ing
2. Peace, I offer, and salvation, Pardon, blood-bought, full and free! Spurn no more my
dim. p
rest and gladness Far, far from Me! Vainly seeking rest and gladness Far, far from Me!
invitation, Come! come to Me! Spurn no more my invitation, Come! come to Me!

3.
Long I've watch'd thee blindly straying,
Long have I been calling thee,
Time flies swiftly—no delaying,
Haste! haste to Me!

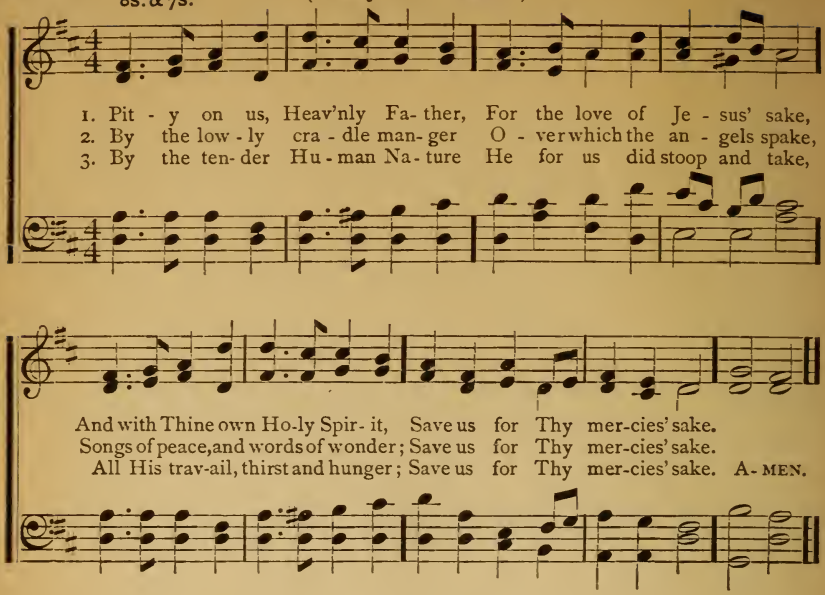
4.
Lord, I come, my sins confessing,
Jesus' blood my only plea,
Keep me in the paths of blessing,
Close, close to Thee.

5.
Then when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven forever,
Blest, blest with Thee.

Pity on us, Heavenly Father.

100

8s. & 7s. (Litany of the Passion.)


1. Pit - y on us, Heav'nly Fa- ther, For the love of Je - sus' sake,
2. By the low - ly cra - dle man- ger O - ver which the an - gels spake,
3. By the ten- der Hu - man Na- ture He for us did stoop and take,
And with Thine own Ho-ly Spir- it, Save us for Thy mer-cies' sake.
Songs of peace, and words of wonder; Save us for Thy mer-cies' sake.
All His trav-ail, thirst and hunger; Save us for Thy mer-cies' sake. A- MEN.

4 By the tears, whose loving kindness
From His human eyes did brake
When He stood by human sorrow;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

5 By the words, whose free forgiveness
In the dying thief did wake
Hope of Paradise and pardon;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

6 By the thorns, that mocking crown'd Him,
By the bloody sweat that brake,
From His brow in bitter anguish;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

7 By His limbs outstretch'd and wounded,
By the cleft the spear did make,
By the Blood and by the Water;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

101

1 From a heart by sin deceived,
Bent, with forward will, to take
Its own downward course of madness;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

2 From a soul whose death-like slumber
Will not at Thy call awake,
But sleep on, nor heed its danger;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

3 From foul hands and tho'ts uncleanly,
That their resting place would make
In the souls redeemed by Jesus,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

4 In the time of tears and laughter,
When we sleep, and when we wake,
Rising, resting, coming, going,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

5 In the hour of our departure,
When life's ling'ring sands do shake,
Through the cleansing blood of Jesus
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

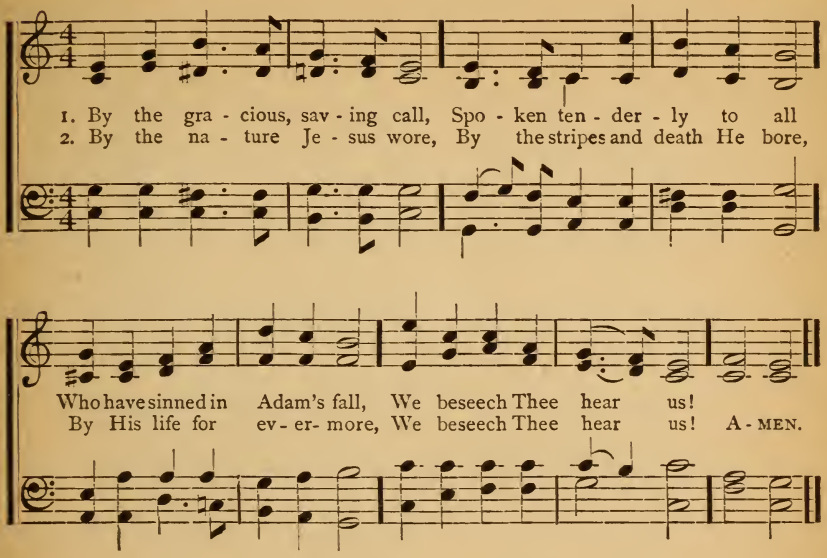
6 In the glorious Resurrection,
When the dead in Christ awake
At the voice of the Archangel,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

7 In the dreadful day of Judgment,
When the worlds before Thee quake,
Plead our cause, O God our Saviour;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By Thy Gracious, Saving Call.

102 7s. & 6s.

F. A. J. HERVEY.


1. By the gra - cious, sav - ing call, Spo - ken ten - der - ly to all
2. By the na - ture Je - sus wore, By the stripes and death He bore,
Who have sinned in Adam's fall, We beseech Thee hear us!
By His life for ev - er - more, We beseech Thee hear us! A - MEN.

3 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee hear us!

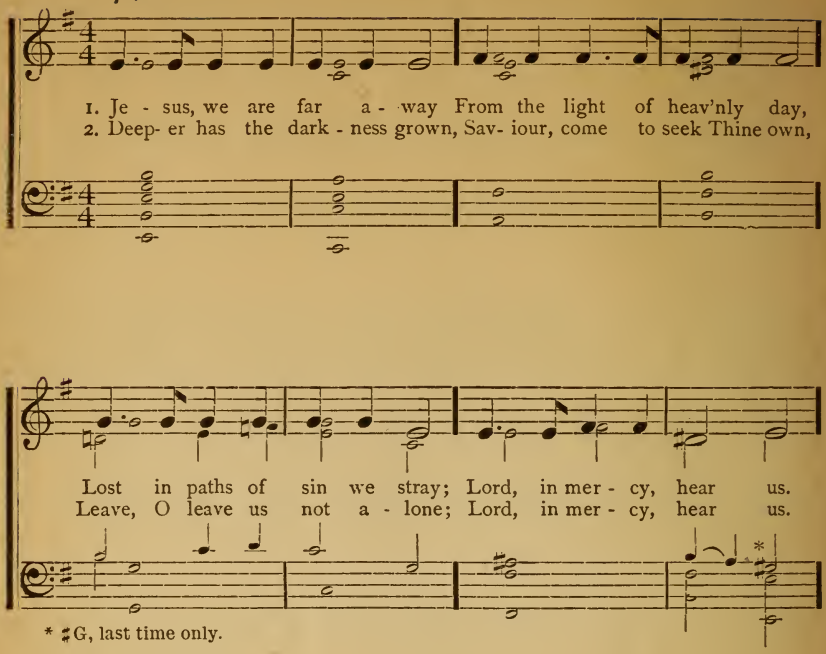
4 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee hear us!

5 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of gladness win,
We beseech Thee hear us!

6 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the Heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee hear us!

103 Jesus, we are Far Away.

7s. & 6.


1. Je - sus, we are far a - way From the light of heav'nly day,
2. Deep- er has the dark - ness grown, Sav- iour, come to seek Thine own,
Lost in paths of sin we stray; Lord, in mer - cy, hear us.
Leave, O leave us not a - lone; Lord, in mer - cy, hear us.

* ♯G, last time only.

3.
Thou our Great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward earth-bound heart;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

4.
Foolish, weak, and sad we lie,
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our Helper, always nigh;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

5.
Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

6.
Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

7.
On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

8.
May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest and peace provide,
Near to Thy protecting side;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

9.
May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

10.
When oppressed with troubles sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

11.
May we true devotion feel
To our God, a holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

12.
May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

Jesus, we are Far Away.—Concluded.

13.
Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing what we say;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

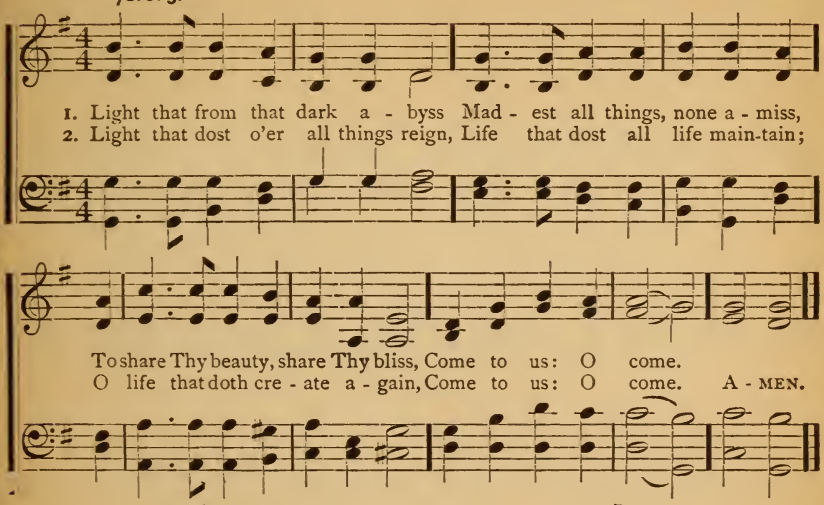
14.
Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thought come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

15.
May Thy grace, within the soul,
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

16.
So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And forever blessèd be;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

104 Light that From the Dark Abyss.

7s. 8. 5. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. Light that from that dark a - byss Mad - est all things, none a - miss,
2. Light that dost o'er all things reign, Life that dost all life main-tain;
To share Thy beauty, share Thy bliss, Come to us: O come.
O life that doth cre - ate a - gain, Come to us: O come. A - MEN.

3.
Light of men, that left the skies,
Light that look'd through human eyes,
And died in darkness as man dies,
Come to us: O come.

4.
Light that stoop'd to rise and raise,
Soar'd to God above our gaze,
And still art near us, all the days,
Come to us: O come.

5.
Light that makest manifest,
Beautifiest, hallowest,
Light in Thy joyous strength at rest,
Come to us: O come.

6.
Leave us not to say we see,
While we shut our eyes to Thee,
Who knockest very patiently:
Enter Lord, and come.

7.
All our good is Thine alone;
All our evil is our own;
O drive it from before Thy throne,—
Come to us: O come.

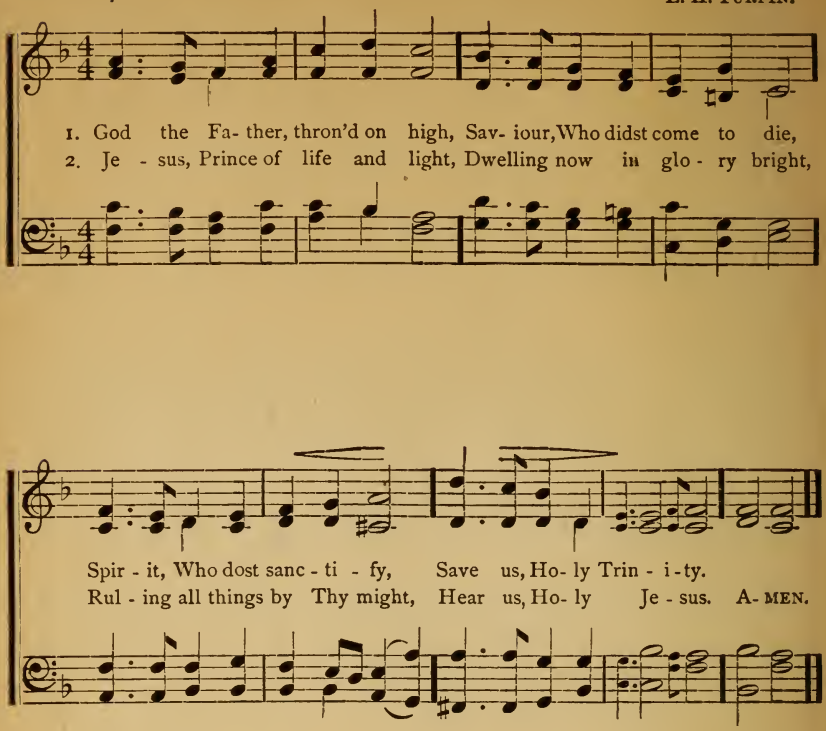
8.
Works of darkness put away;
With Thy harness us array
To walk in light and wait for day,
And for Thee to come.

9.
We have done great wrong to Thee,
Yet we do belong to Thee;
O make our life one song to Thee,
Come to us: O come.

10.
Come in all the majesty
Of Thy great humility;
Come, the whole earth cries out to Thee
Come to us: O come.

God the Father, Throned on High.

105 7s. 6. E. H. TURPIN.


1. God the Fa- ther, thron'd on high, Sav- iour, Who didst come to die,
2. Je - sus, Prince of life and light, Dwelling now in glo - ry bright,
Spir - it, Who dost sanc - ti - fy, Save us, Ho- ly Trin - i - ty.
Rul - ing all things by Thy might, Hear us, Ho- ly Je - sus. A- MEN.

3.
Thou Whose Death did death destroy,
Who through pain didst pass to joy,
Endless and without alloy,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4.
Thou Who didst to heaven ascend,
Still to be the sinner's Friend,
Still Thy people to defend,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5.
Jesus, raised to God's right hand,
Round Whose Throne the Angel band
Waits Thy Word of dread command,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6.
Thou Who dost the sceptre bear,
And in heaven a place prepare,
That we may be with Thee there,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7.
Thou Who must in glory reign,
Conqueror of sin and pain,
Till no enemy remain,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8.
Jesus, Who art glorified
In the very Flesh that died,
With the piercèd Hands and Side,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9.
Jesus, though enthroned on high,
Still for our infirmity
Touched with human sympathy,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

10.
Jesus, in our time of need
Our High Priest to intercede,
Living still thy Death to plead,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, Able to Bestow.

106 *Tune on page 90.*

1.
Jesus, able to bestow
On Thy struggling Church below
More than we can ask or know,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2.
Jesus, Who to heaven upborne,
Didst not leave Thy Church to mourn,
Orphaned, comfortless, forlorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3.
Thou Who, still our Saviour Friend,
Didst the Holy Spirit send
To be with us to the end,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4.
Jesus, Who Thy Flesh and Blood,
Offered once upon the Rood,
Givest for Thy children's Food,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5.
Only Balm for souls distressed,
Happiness of all the blessed,
Peace of those who long for rest,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6.
Thou Who, as Thou once didst rise,
Shalt be seen by human eyes
Coming through the parted skies,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7.
Thou Who then on quick and dead,
All for whom Thy Blood was shed,
Shalt pronounce the judgment dread,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8.
Jesus, God's Incarnate Son,
By Thy work for sinners done,
By the gifts for sinners won,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9.
That while pilgrims toiling here,
We Thy Name may love and fear,
And to death may persevere,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

10.
That when earthly toil is o'er,
We, in rest for evermore,
May behold Thee and adore,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

The Story of the Cross.

107 **1. THE QUESTION.**

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Voices in unison.

1.
In His own raiment clad—
With His Blood dyed,
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

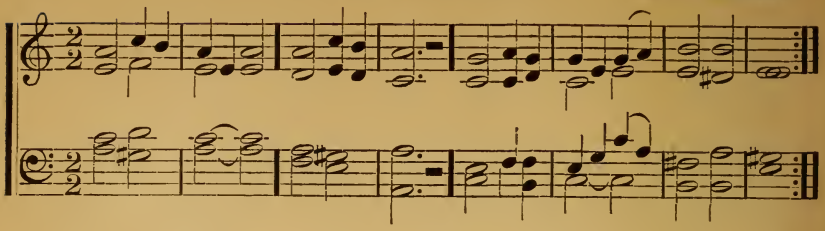
2.
Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight—
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

3.
See! they are traveling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

4.
O, whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree?
He who first carries it—
Who is He?

2. THE ANSWER.

ALFRED REDHEAD.



1 Follow to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He who for ever was
Son of God.

2 You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

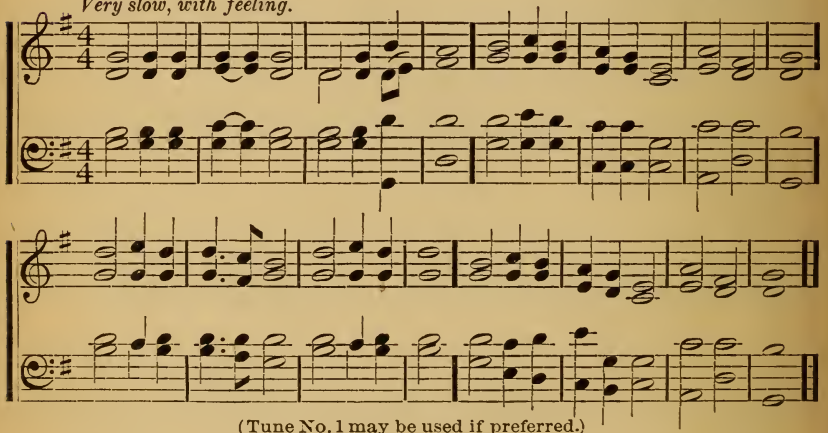
3 As the swift moments fly
Through the Blest Week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.

4 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky?

3. THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Very slow, with feeling.



(Tune No. 1 may be used if preferred.)

1 On the Cross lifted,
Thy Face I scan—
Bearing that Cross for me,
Son of Man.

2 Thorns from Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne—
For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

3 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head,
Only the splintered Cross,
Is Thy bed.

4 Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the Spear;
No voice is nigh, to say,
Help is near.

5 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day,
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

6 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head,
Without rest.

7 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

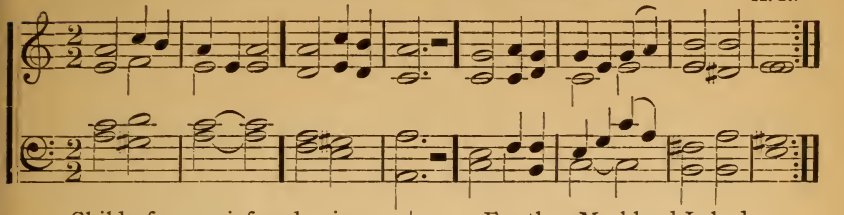
8 Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers, Thou
Call'st Thine own.

9 I see Thy Title, Lord,
Inscribed above—
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love!

10 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me!

4. THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

A. R.



1 Child of my grief and pain,
Watched by My love—
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

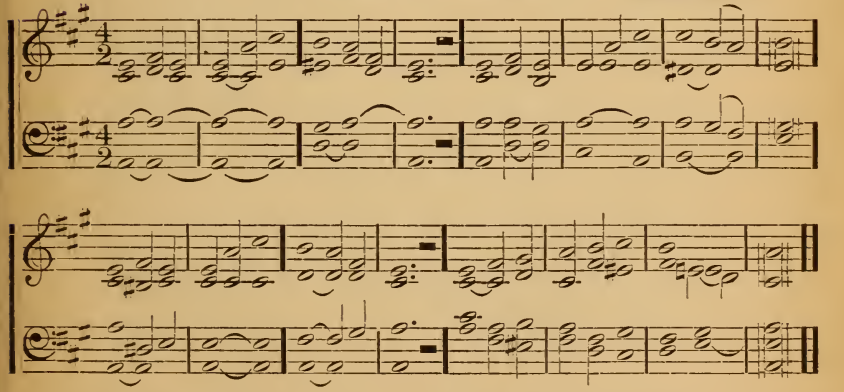
2 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me;
In love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

3 For thee My blood I shed—
For thee alone:
I came to purchase thee
For Mine own.

4 Weep not for *My* grief,
Child of My love—
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

5. OUR CRY TO JESUS.

ALFRED REDHEAD.



1 Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life,
To the goal.

2 Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

3 Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

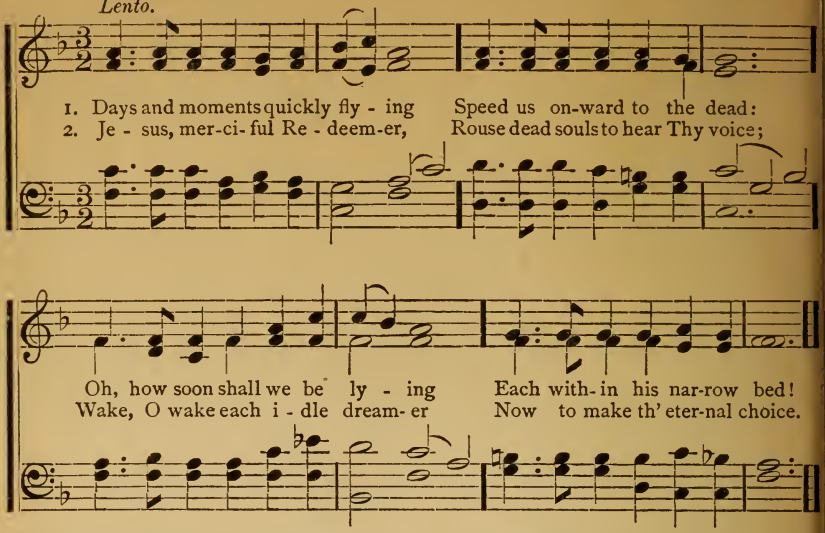
4 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

* Part 4 should be sung by a Tenor or Bass voice.

108

8s. 7s. 8s. & 9. JOHN B. DYKES.

Lento.


1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:
2. Je - sus, mer-ci-ful Re - deem-er, Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!
Wake, O wake each i - dle dream- er Now to make th' eter-nal choice.

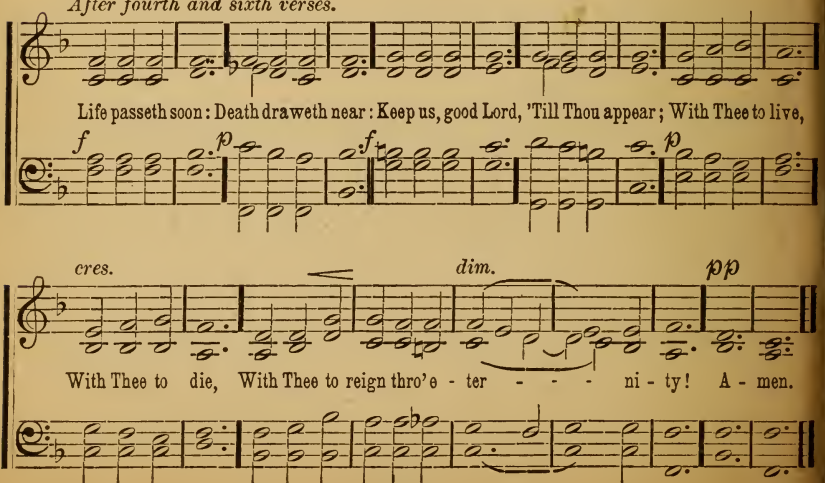
3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

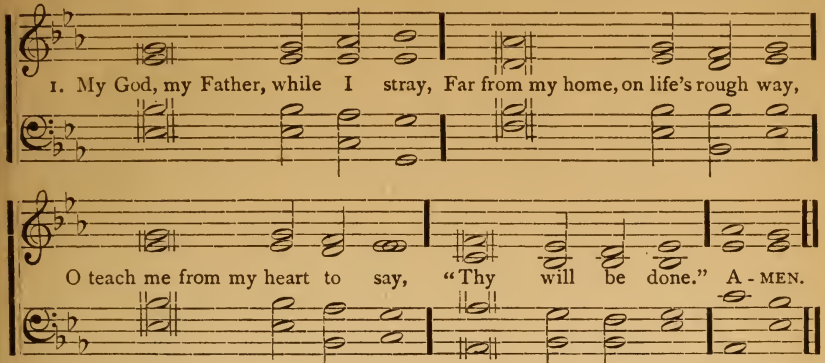
6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

After fourth and sixth verses.


Life passeth soon: Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, 'Till Thou appear; With Thee to live,
f
p
f
p
cres.
dim.
pp
With Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro'e - ter - - - ni - ty! A - men.

109 My God, my Father, while I stray.

P. M. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE.



2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

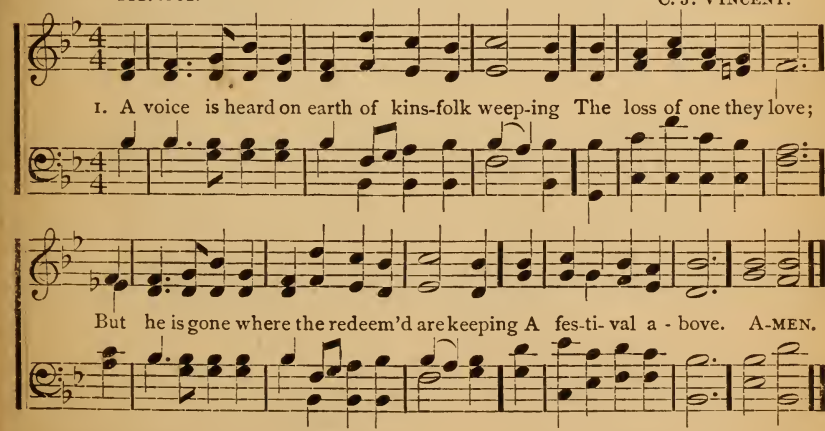
4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

110 A Voice is Heard on Earth.

11s. & 6s. C. J. VINCENT.


1. A voice is heard on earth of kins-folk weep-ing The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeem'd are keeping A fes-ti- val a - bove. A-MEN.

2 The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow; [people
But on the golden streets the holy
Are passing to and fro;

3 And saying, as they meet, Rejoice!
Long waited for, is come: [another,
The Saviour's heart is glad: a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home.

Forever with the Lord.

111 D. S. M. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. For ev - er with the Lord: A - men, so let it be.
2. My Fa-ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
At times to faith's fore - see - ing eye Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab-sent from Him I roam,
Ah, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home.
The bright in- her - it- ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove. A-MEN.

3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

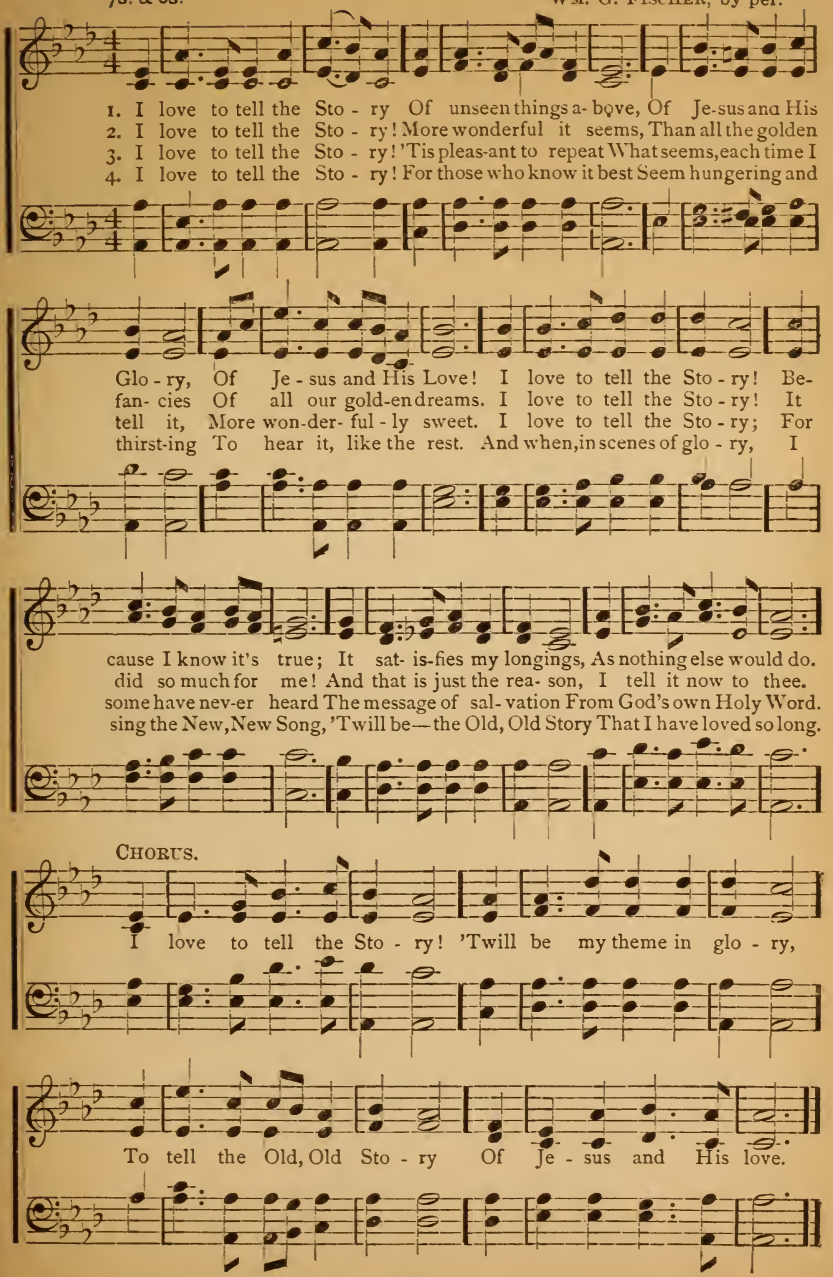
4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven;
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory:
Once more, For ever with the Lord:
Amen, so let it be.

I Love to Tell the Story.

112

7s. & 6s.

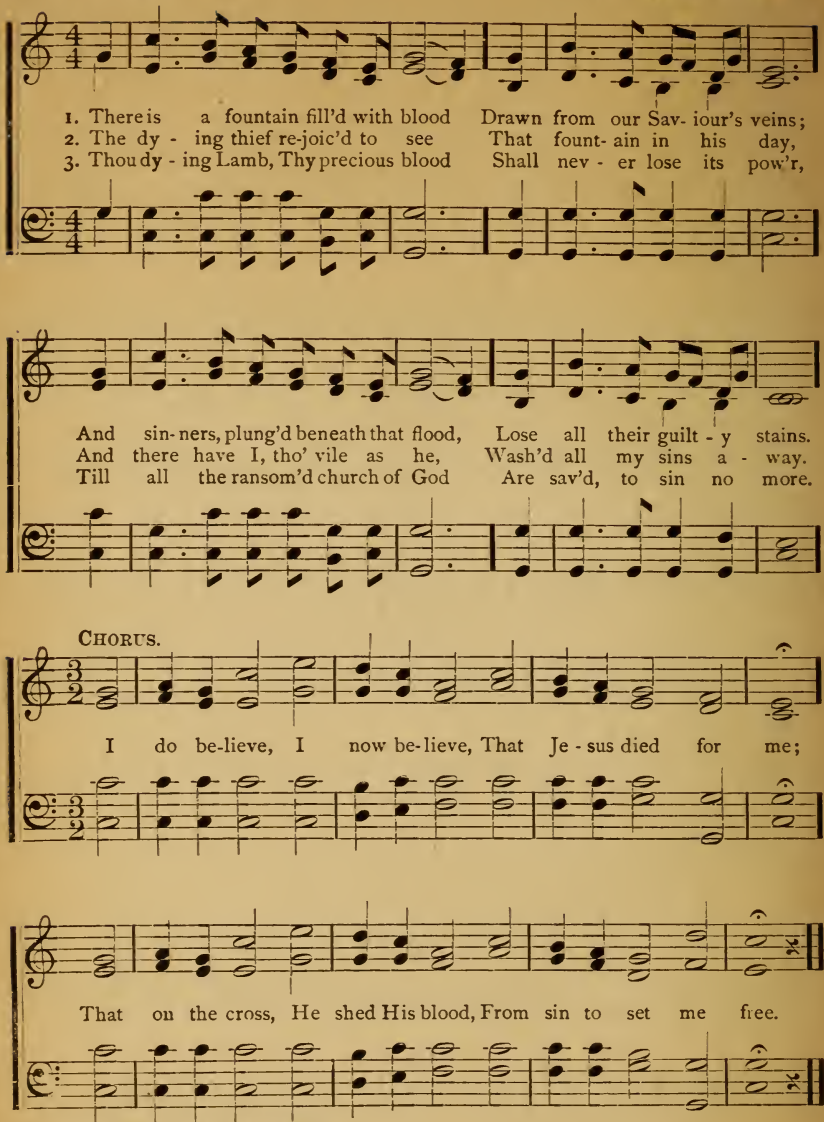
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things a- bove, Of Je-sus and His
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to repeat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and
Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be-
fan- cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It
tell it, More won-der- ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry; For
thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I
cause I know it's true; It sat- is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I tell it now to thee.
some have nev-er heard The message of sal- vation From God's own Holy Word.
sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

There is a Fountain.

113 C.M.

Arr. by JAMES M. SAWERS.


1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from our Sav- iour's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That fount- ain in his day,
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
And sin- ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there have I, tho' vile as he, Wash'd all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransom'd church of God Are sav'd, to sin no more.
CHORUS.
I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;
That on the cross, He shed His blood, From sin to set me free.

Copyright, 1884, by JAMES M. SAWERS.

4.

Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

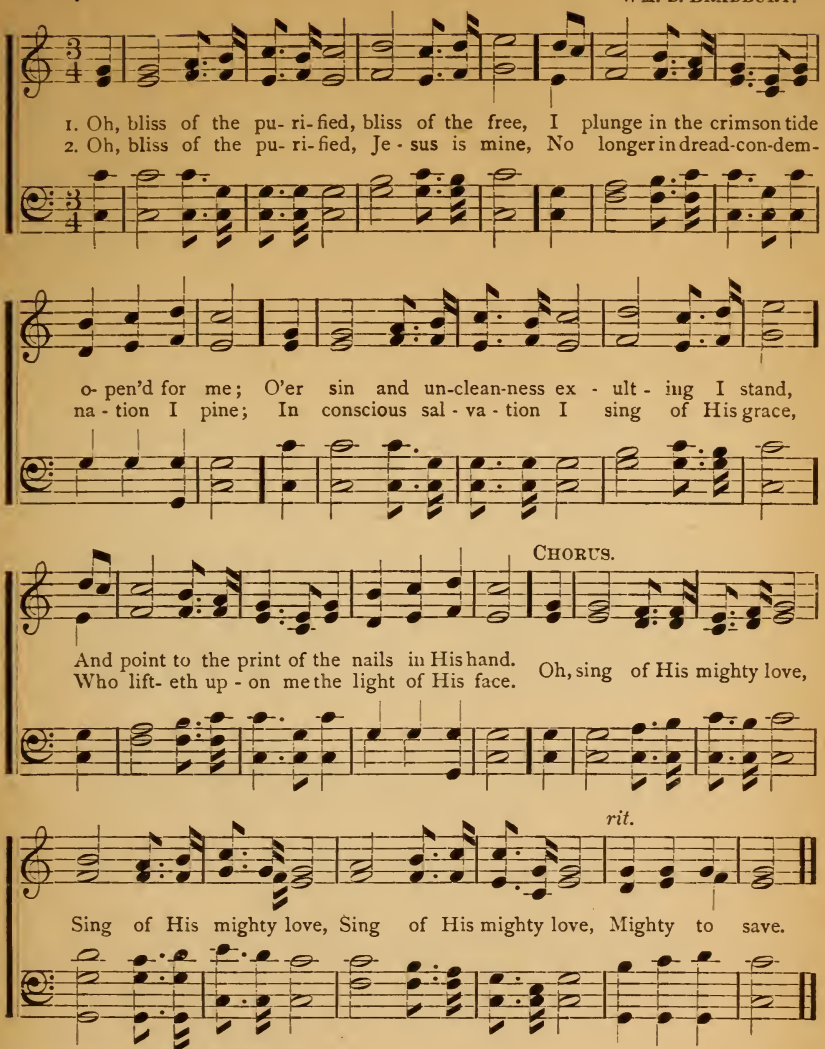
5.

Then, in nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

114

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Oh, bliss of the pu- ri- fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu- ri- fied, Je - sus is mine, No longer in dread-con-dem-
o- pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand,
na - tion I pine; In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace,
CHORUS.
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
Who lift- eth up - on me the light of His face.
Oh, sing of His mighty love,
rit.
Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

Copyrighted 1867, by WM. B. BRADBURY.

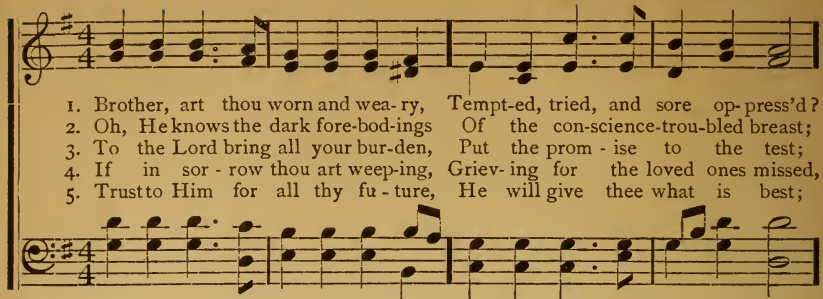
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

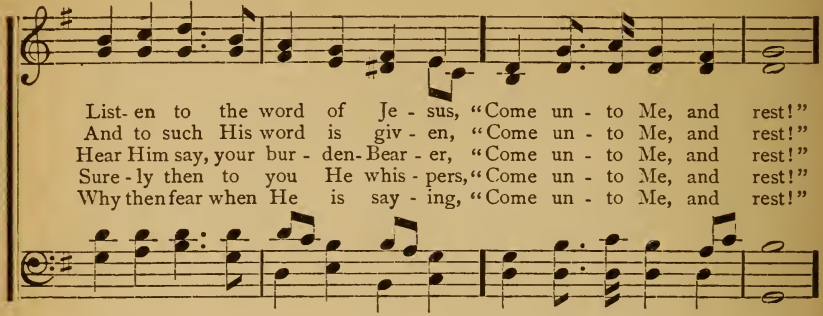
4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessèd Redeemer, my God and King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

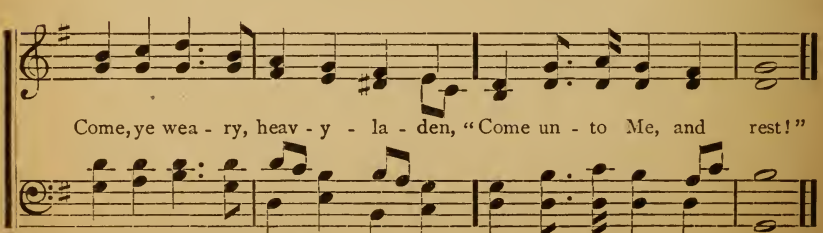
Come unto Me, and Rest.

115

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Brother, art thou worn and wea-ry, Tempt-ed, tried, and sore op-press'd?
2. Oh, He knows the dark fore-bod-ings Of the con-science-trou-bled breast;
3. To the Lord bring all your bur-den, Put the prom-ise to the test;
4. If in sor-row thou art weep-ing, Griev-ing for the loved ones missed,
5. Trust to Him for all thy fu-ture, He will give thee what is best;


List-en to the word of Je-sus, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
And to such His word is giv-en, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Hear Him say, your bur-den-Bear-er, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Sure-ly then to you He whis-pers, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Why then fear when He is say-ing, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"



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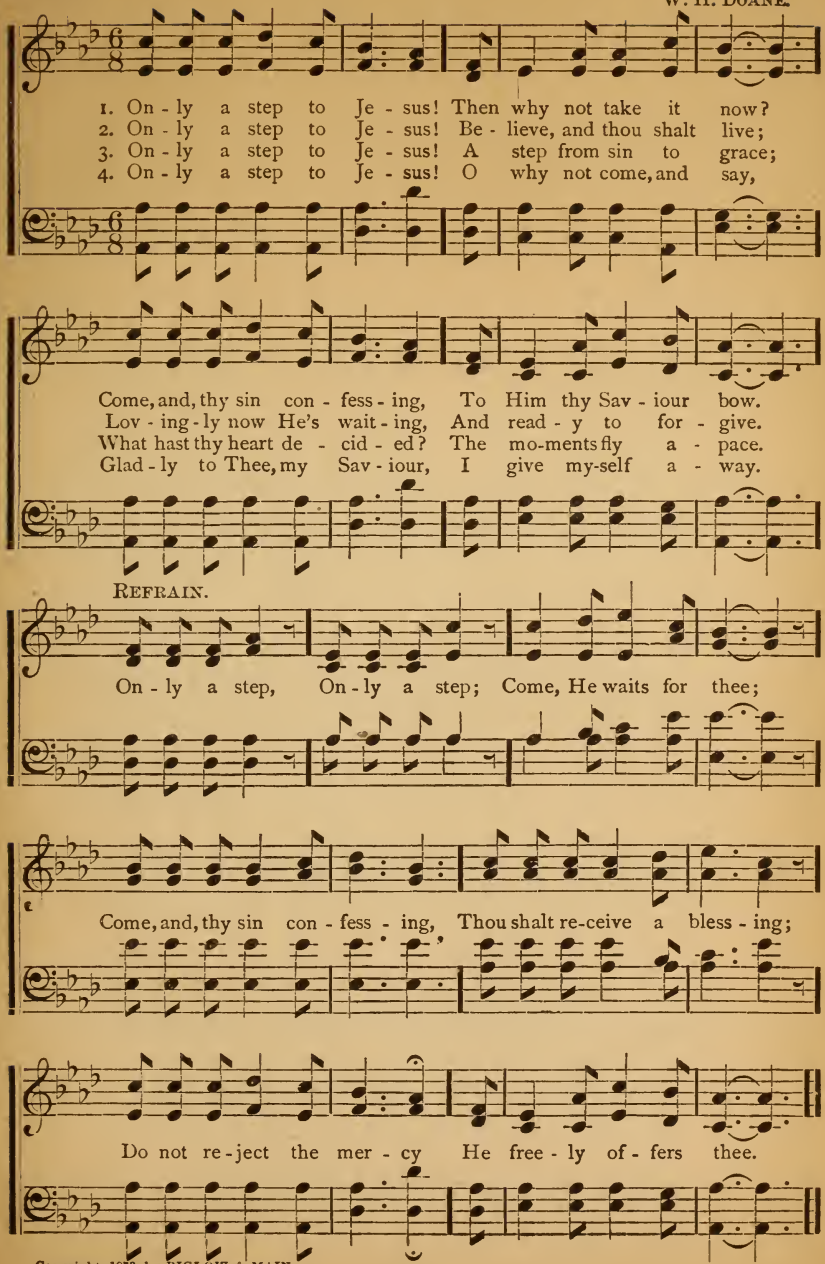
Only a Step to Jesus.

116

W. H. DOANE.


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The mo-ments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my-self a - way.
REFRAIN.
On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re-ceive a bless - ing;
Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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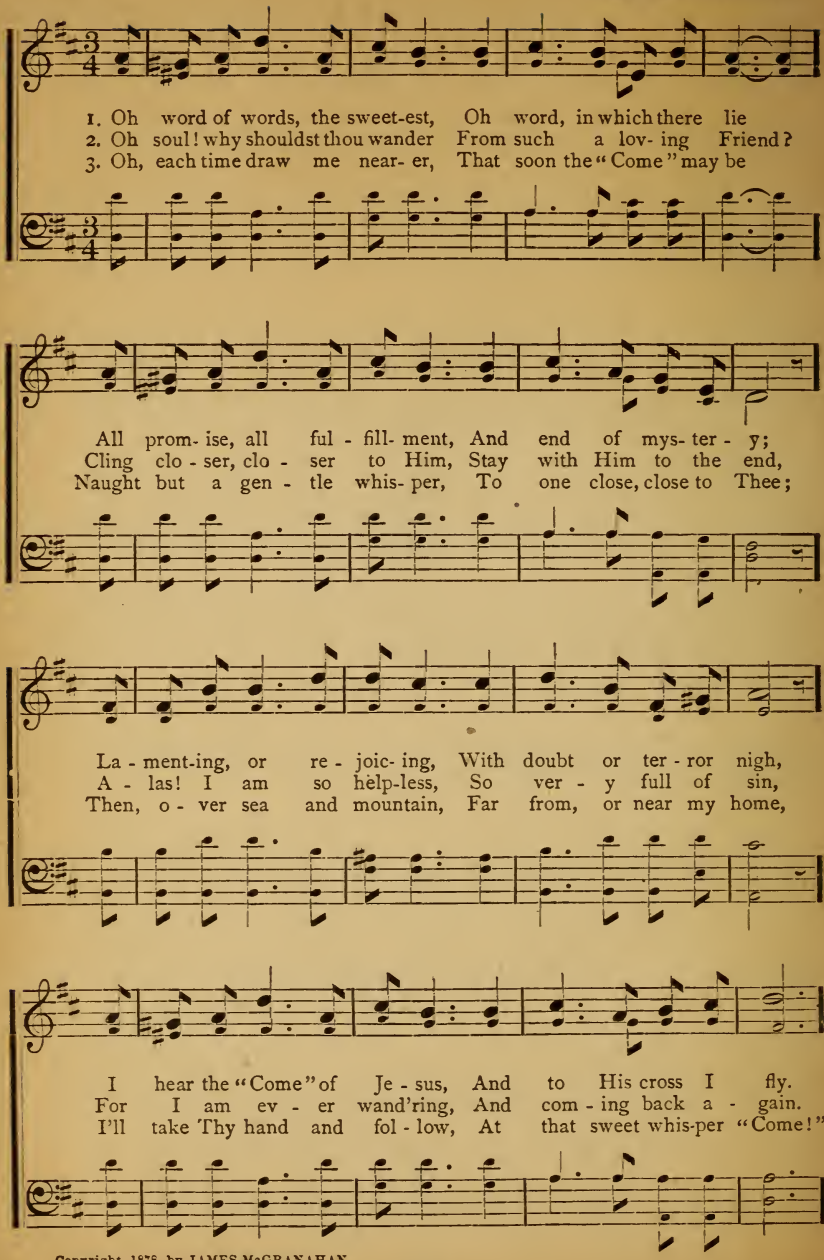
Come!

117

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Oh word of words, the sweet-est, Oh word, in which there lie
2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a lov- ing Friend?
3. Oh, each time draw me near- er, That soon the "Come" may be
All prom- ise, all ful - fill- ment, And end of mys- ter - y;
Cling clo - ser, clo - ser to Him, Stay with Him to the end,
Naught but a gen - tle whis- per, To one close, close to Thee;
La - ment-ing, or re - joic- ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,
A - las! I am so help-less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,
I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whis-per "Come!"

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Come!—Concluded.

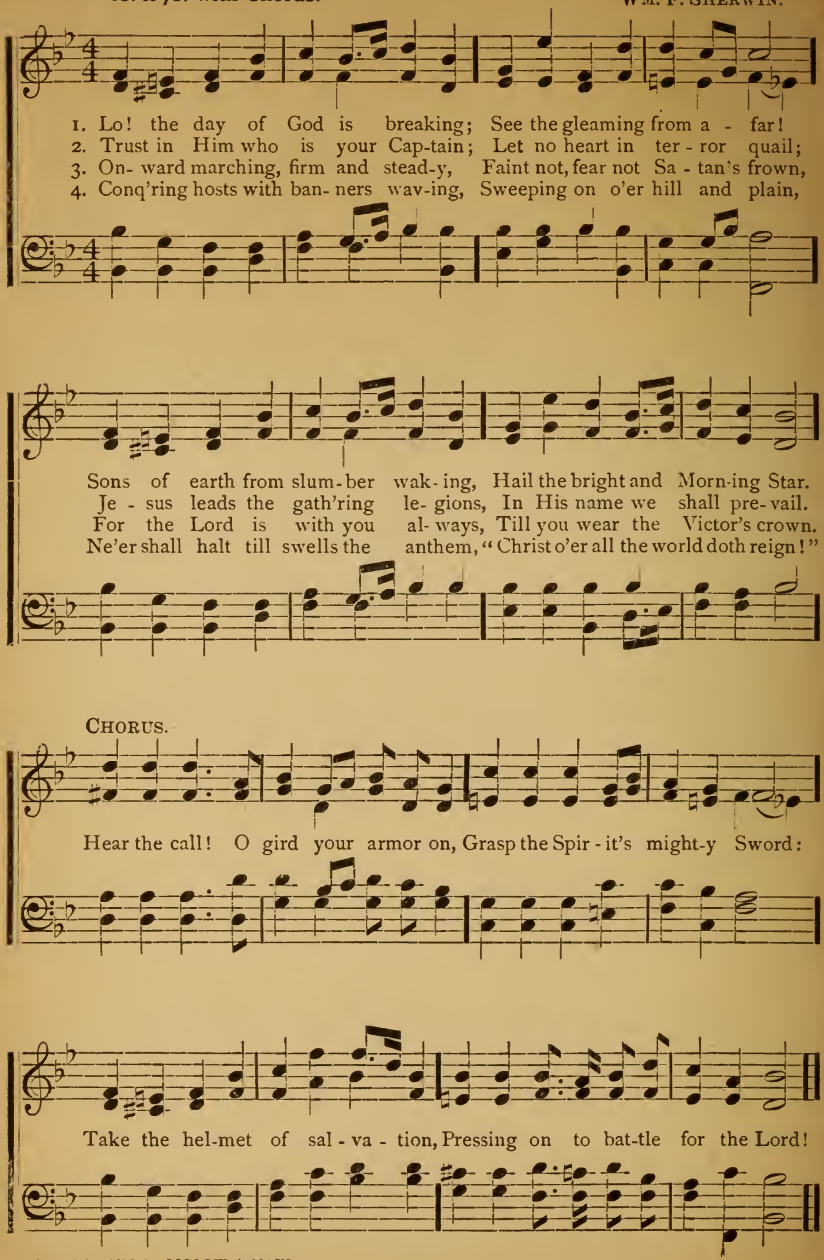
REFRAIN.
Come, oh come to me, . . . Come, oh come to me, . . .
Come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come,
Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh come to me,
me, Oh
Come, oh come to me, . . . Come, oh come to me, . . .
come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come,
rit.....
Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh come to me.

Hear the Call.

118

8s. & 7s. with Chorus.

WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Cap-tain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3. On- ward marching, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with ban- ners wav-ing, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
Sons of earth from slum-ber wak- ing, Hail the bright and Morn-ing Star.
Je - sus leads the gath'ring le- gions, In His name we shall pre- vail.
For the Lord is with you al- ways, Till you wear the Victor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"
CHORUS.
Hear the call! O gird your armor on, Grasp the Spir - it's might-y Sword:
Take the hel-met of sal - va - tion, Pressing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

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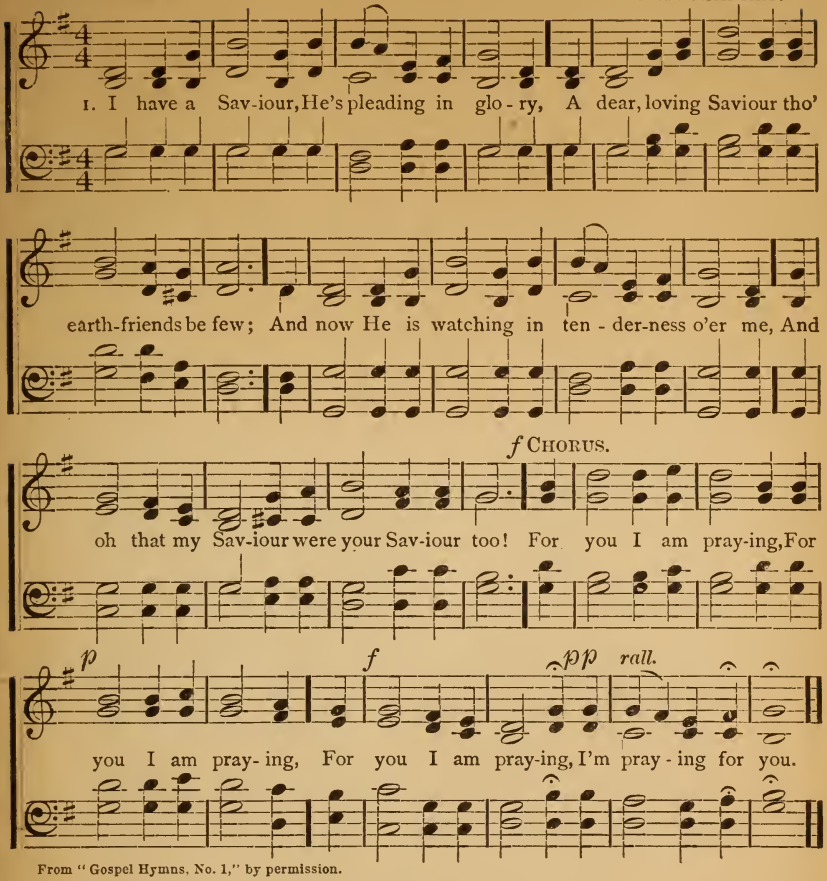
I am Praying for You.

119 P. M.

IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo-ry, A dear, loving Saviour tho'
earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me, And
f CHORUS.
oh that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too! For you I am pray-ing, For
p
f
pp
rall.
you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

From "Gospel Hymns, No. 1," by permission.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

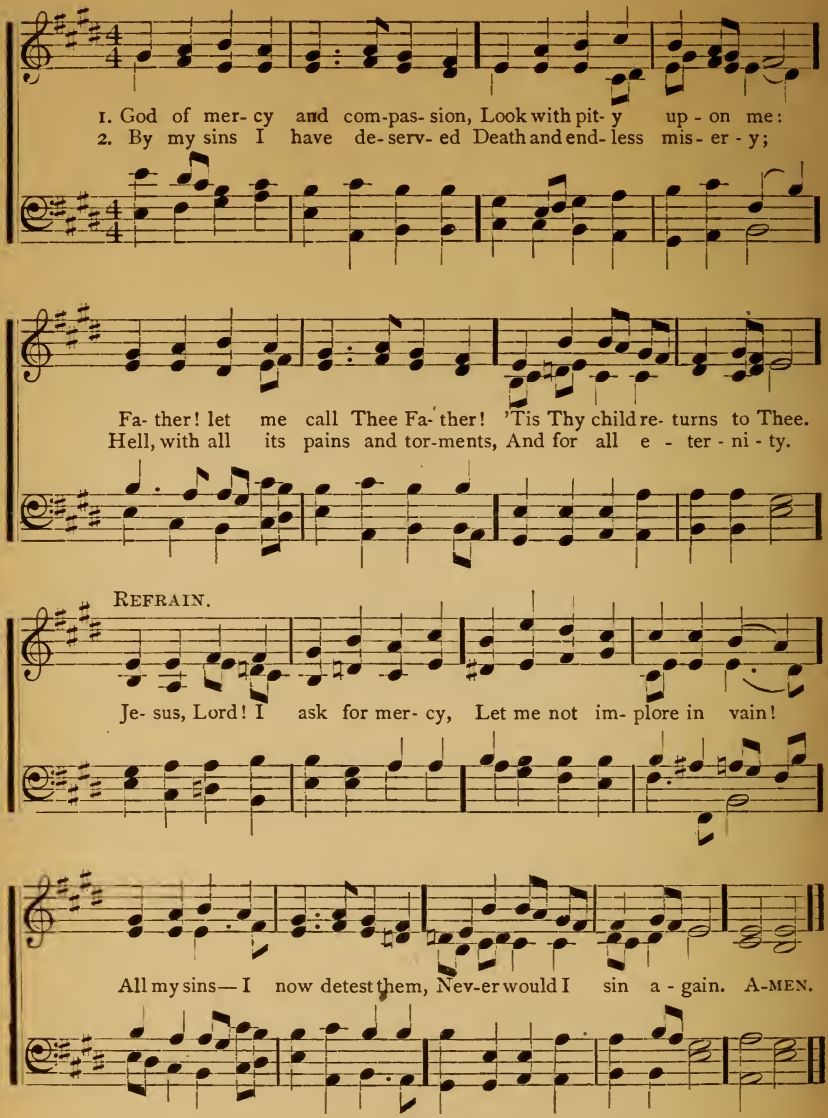
3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

God of Mercy and Compassion.

120 8s. & 7s. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. God of mer- cy and com-pas- sion, Look with pit- y up - on me:
2. By my sins I have de- serv- ed Death and end- less mis- er - y;
Fa- ther! let me call Thee Fa- ther! 'Tis Thy child re- turns to Thee.
Hell, with all its pains and tor-ments, And for all e - ter - ni - ty.
REFRAIN.
Je- sus, Lord! I ask for mer- cy, Let me not im- plore in vain!
All my sins— I now detest them, Nev-er would I sin a - gain. A-MEN.

3.

By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to Heaven above,
Where the saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

4.

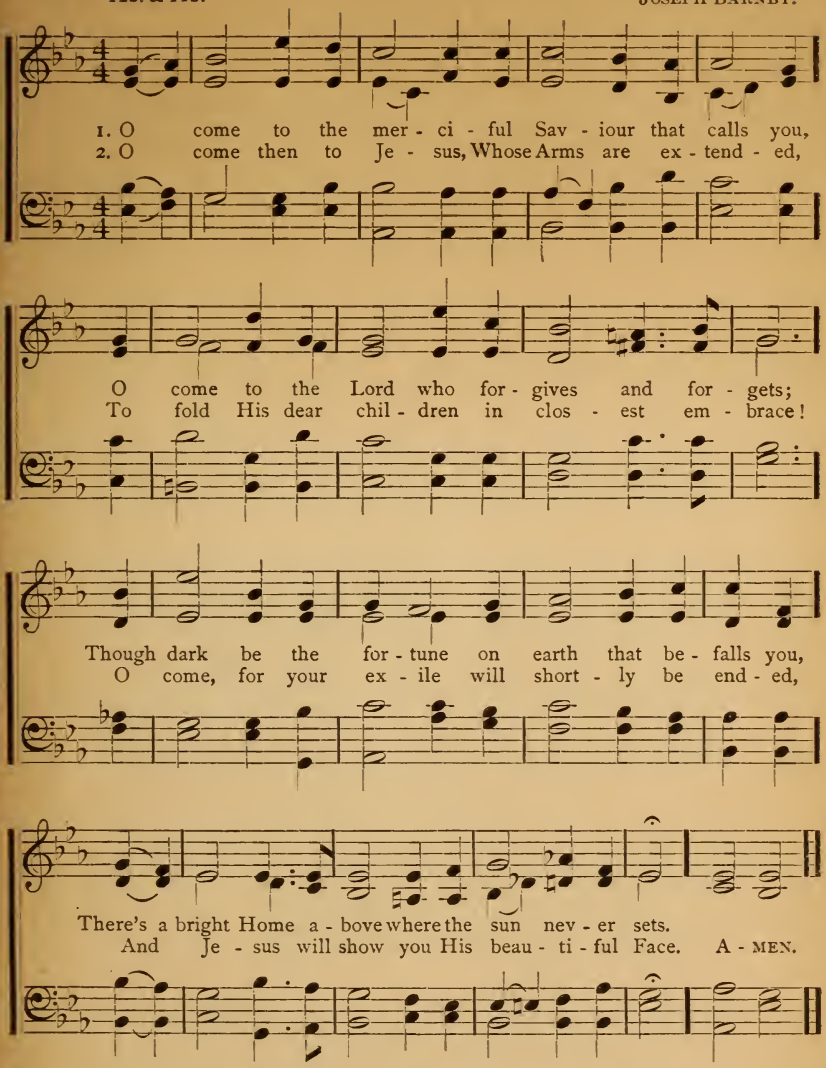
See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the Cross of Calvary;
To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

121

12s. & 11s.

JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour that calls you,
2. O come then to Je - sus, Whose Arms are ex - tend - ed,
O come to the Lord who for - gives and for - gets;
To fold His dear chil - dren in clos - est em - brace!
Though dark be the for - tune on earth that be - falls you,
O come, for your ex - ile will short - ly be end - ed,
There's a bright Home a - bove where the sun nev - er sets.
And Je - sus will show you His beau - ti - ful Face. A - MEN.

3.

Then come to the Saviour, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depth of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the Home and the glory above.

4.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
O fear not! O fear not! the mother that bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour Whose Blood you have spilt!

Jesus, I adore Thee.

122 6s. & 5s. D.

HERBERT S. OAKELEY.

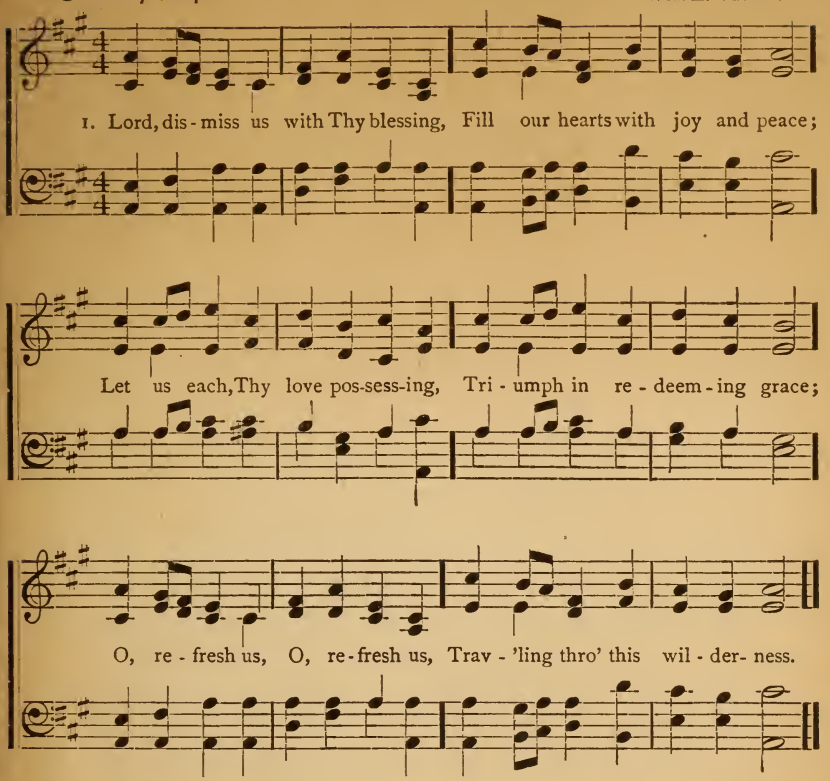
1. Je - sus, I a - dore Thee, God, E - ter - nal Son!
2. Je - sus, ris'n, as - cend - ed, Full of end - less Life,
Ped.
With the sons of A - dam Mak - ing Thy - self one:
O - ver death vic - to - rious, Fin - ish - ing the strife:
p
Thou the sec - ond A - dam Didst re - deem their loss,
Now the tempt - er's tri - umph Thou hast o - ver - thrown,
Ped.
f
By the full o - be - dience Of Thy bit - ter cross.
Now Thou bidd'st the fall - en To be Thine a - lone. A - MEN.

3 One by one Thou call'st them
From the death of sin,
By Regeneration
Thy new Life to win:
Water with the Spirit,
Sacrament of grace,
Cleanses and renews them,
Gives in Heaven a place.

4 I was made a sharer
In that Life Divine,
Then my soul resplendent
Did with glory shine;
But too soon I yielded
To the tempter's claim,
And my heavenly glory
Turned to bitter shame.

Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing.

123 8s. 7s. & 4s. WM. L. VINER.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

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